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Class

Book



THE SOUTH
BEFORE AND AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

ADDRESS

OF

LEIGH ROBINSON

Formerly of the Richmond Howitzers

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.,

BEFORE THE

VIRGINIA DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

AT THEIR

ANNUAL MEETING,

HELD IN

THE CAPITOL IN RICHMOND, VA., NOV. 1, 1877.

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WM. H. F. LEE,
President.

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN,
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Secretaries.

PREFATORY NOTE.

That illustrious man, the Hon. Bardwell Stote, took credit to himself which, surely, will not be denied by others, for the self-restraint he evinced, in only reading to his friends one-half of the discourse he had prepared for Congress. Sensible of the admiring glow, which must always gemmally diffuse itself, in the breasts of the ardent and impulsive, at the thought of such engaging and unexpected charm in an orator, I am, naturally, desirous of stating, that not the whole of the herein-contained address was pronounced before the Society, whose voluntary act brought it down upon their heads. Among the many trials of a much-suffering people, that of listening to every one of the pages which follow is not to be numbered. The sins of omission, indeed, were far fewer than could have been desired, by a natural human infirmity; while those of commission were borne with a patience, and even obliging, courteous complaisance, not possible, nor to be expected, in a community less acquainted with grief. Candor, however, will compel those present to admit, with the Queen of Sheba, (but with what reversed ground for exultation!) that the half was not told them. The affliction of listening to not quite one half is what befell. But a kindly-affectioned audience, grateful for such self-abnegation in their favor, has been pleased to ask for publication, in addition to the half which was audible, the remaining half, which, as will now be seen, in so masterly a manner, was withheld. It should be added, that the request itself is the less surprising, inasmuch as,

whether made for one another in Heaven, or some widely different locality, the two halves, the spoken and unspoken, did not divide in any one place, but, in the main, kept together, and ran side by side, throughout the address, like "two single gentlemen rolled into one," if the sane mind can conceive such a case. If, therefore, in the complete publication, anyone find that which, to him, shall seem better unpublished, (as doubtless all who read it will find very constantly,) let him ascribe it to the part not spoken; not to the taste of the audience, but to the original sin, and present total depravity, desperately perverted and improper nature of the author, which has become "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh," wholly irreclaimable, it is feared, "till death do him part"—if then!

L. R.

ERRATA.

Page 14, line 19 from top, strike out the word "which."

Page 16, line 5 from bottom, for "anamoly," read "anomaly."

Page 34, line 14 from top, for "Hypocrits," read "Hypocrites."

Page 43, last line, for "*Eu*," read "*Eu*."

Page 76, line 14 from top, for "*Salutamus*," read "*Salutamus*."

Page 79, line 3 from top, for "Cycopædia" read "Cyclopædia."

Page 90, line 2 from top, strike out the word "of."

Page 94, line 8 from bottom, for "hypocricies," read "hypocrisies."

ADDRESS.

I.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS:

I will not detain you by the expression of the pride with which I received, and the sense of the honor to myself with which I accepted, the invitation to address you. From either feeling excessive vanity alone could save me. But it is of more consequence, just at present, both to you and to myself, to show my appreciation of the compliment by at least my own endeavor to discharge, as best I may, the duty it imposes—the duty at all times difficult, at all times delicate, of recounting with due sensibility and without undue eagerness, honorable exploit with which, however humbly, we feel ourselves identified.

There is a reply of some celebrity from a Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" And certainly man's valor, the hero's fear of evils greater than death and temporal disaster, by virtue of which he is man, and has virtue, as it does not require apology, on the one hand, not unbecomingly, perhaps, may dispense with eulogy on the other. Charles V. said: "How many languages one knows, so many times he is a man." How, then, are we to reckon the polyglot Mezzofanti, who carried the tongues, not of all literatures merely, but well nigh of all articulate sound, in his head, speaking one hundred and fourteen languages, in all, yet leaving no memory of a word in one? The tongue of fire, by which language is not only uttered but informed, and made itself a vital spark, was not ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ his members. How shall we compare this wonder of all tongues with Latour d'Auvergne, "the first grenadier of France," for whose death, while repulsing the front rank of a charge of

last, a remnant which rose above the carnage of war, the ruin of homes, the cry of distress, still gathered around a chieftain's form with the self-immolation of despair. All this it must tell and truly, if need be, severely tell.

Surely it is now high time to admit that, with such object in view, you have applied to a quarter where, in the nature of things, the details of such knowledge must be plentifully lacking. You have applied, not to the officers of the field and staff, who led your hope, wielded and organized your force—to none of these renowned men, but to one far different; to a private soldier in the lowest rank, and greatly undistinguished there. An obscure artilleryman, especially when under fire, is liable to take the same dispassionate view of a conflict raging all along a line of miles as the average politician seizes of the moral universe, of which, curiously enough, he, too, is a part. The *pleuronectes*, or flat fish, having eyes only on one side, are badly built for the vocation of tourists or descriptive voyagers; but a man whose whole duty for four years was to follow blindly, suddenly ordered to look, not on one side only, but on all sides—that, too, after the lapse of years—is worse off than a flat fish, or any other kind of fish, except, of course, a fish out of water. As the cockney tourist said to the Highlander, who addressed him in Gaelic, “Some explanation is necessary.” Most unaffectedly I am embarrassed to find myself a critic of the deeds of them who led the history which I but followed. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that to every leader, were he the greatest, a follower is a quite indispensable appendage. Furthermore, in our cause, it may be said that leader and follower were one. We were his to follow; he was ours to lead. He was in the van, because the hearts he led were in the van, and we followed unconscious we were drawn. It seems you are resolved to know how this great matter shaped itself to the common soldier; how his mind, numerically the greatest, reconciled itself to the situation, and with decidedly approving conscience volunteered his body to be made food for powder. Not so illogically, after all, perhaps, for your “bottom facts” you have gone to your bottom man. The blood I shall shed to night be on you.

II.

Any portrayal of any one of the scenes of our great civil strife is incomplete which has not for background the depth and sincerity of conviction in the South, which rallied every principle of duty, and, answering exaction with devotion, made obedience a privilege. The history of the war minus the justification of the war, it seems to me, were the principal character omitted. We believed in our capacity for local self-government; we believed in our right to community independence as the best means of attaining the honest welfare of a neighborhood. We believed in a *Federal Union*, and deemed this tantamount to saying we believed in republican institutions—not the fancy, but the reality of commonwealths. We believed that the best way of preventing the foot of one from striking against the flock of another was to interpose a barrier; to provide, or rather to reserve, the power to escape from it, thus giving the remedy to them who feel the wrong—not like the Holy Alliance, to them who cause it. Finally, we believed that such was the nature of the Federal compact to which we had acceded, and that it was best for simplicity, best for economy, best for peace, best for liberty, that it should be so.

On the other hand, the centralizations which antagonize all this seemed to us to concentrate wealth and power in one quarter by abstracting it from others, not always prepared or content to spare; in this way to accumulate great wealth and greater poverty; to replenish the palace and plunder the cottage; make the rich richer and the poor poorer; the strong more absolute, the weak more helpless. Vast empires, immense populations and resources have been administered by governments of this kind, but invariably under the shadow of domestic sedition. They rest on a sleeping lion. Power which is false in its methods must needs be oppressive in its measures. Louis Napoleon wielded just such a sceptre; but when he wished to join the shooting party of one of his subjects he went under the protection of the police, and when he visited Baron Rothschild the whole establishment was put under surveillance for two weeks beforehand. He said, "The empire is peace;" and in what a whirlwind did he and his rotten empire sweep from the earth? It is preposterous for maladminis-

tration to say, "Let us have peace!" and for freeman it is worse—it is criminal to concede it. It is not peace established in power, but captured in shame: not throned on high by willing witnesses, but pinned to the earth by imperial steel—the peace of the bayonet.

The Czar of Russia is an Emperor of the same kind, and the touch of a sick man's lance lays bare his rottenness. Only because it is a sick man who opposes him, sick of the same corrupt infirmity, is no more done to him. A rose colored correspondent, writing from the Russian camp, assisted by decidedly Russian pebbles, admits the cardinal fault of the Russian army to be "the total want of initiative. Something in the imperial system seems to stifle and kill the power of individual action."

"No country," writes one in the October number of the *European Messenger*, published at St. Petersburg, "ever carried out so great a number of reforms in so short a time as Russia has since 1856; but in several departments, such as justice and finance, there is still much room for improvement." Unluckily, it happens that the two departments of justice and finance are the alpha and omega of the well-governed State, or rather, as reform in the second of these is the corollary of reform in the first, flowing immediately therefrom, say at once justice is the beginning and consummation of political reform. Unluckily again, it is this elementary, to him rather stupid, commonplace department, which the expeditious reformer is prone to skip over, while with much stealing and false swearing he pushes on the exaltation of the human race; justice in turn being apt to stand in the way of the greatest number of reforms in the shortest possible time. Notwithstanding so many reforms in such incredible short time, Russia shows herself, as Diderot said of her in the last century, "rotten before she is ripe." A reform from which justice and finance are omitted is a very characteristic nineteenth century reform.

We held that such a government was not for the public good, but for the public wrong, and by men and patriots should be resisted. "We," said the barons of Arragon to their king, "who are each of us as good, and who are altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government if you maintain our rights and privileges, but if not, not." Just such a basis has been the origin to every government of Europe, of whatever greatness and freedom it has enjoyed. Just in proportion as this basis has

been retained, each has retained its real power, and just in proportion as it has not, not—in which latter category, unhappily, Arragon has been included. Even a government of the numerical majority may be a true self-government, without the self-confession and antithesis of a standing army to enforce it, as witness the States of Switzerland. The French revolution was possible in the shape which it assumed, because administrative centralization—Tutelle Administrative—had swallowed up the provinces, and made Paris the throat by which a whole people could be collared and garroted. The Reign of Terror was little more than a democratic application of the Old Regime. It was the combination of despotism and "equality," so-called. In a word, this idea of local self-government has been the vital germ of free institutions wherever they have existed. Bunsen finds this fact in the twenty-seven nomes of ancient Egypt, and infers liberty then and there as a consequence. The same independent basis, surviving in Hindostan all the revolutions of Hindu and Mogul, is referred to in a minute of council, by Sir Charles Metcalf, as the true cause of the preservation of the people there through all the changes they have suffered. There was a time when the Emperor of Germany was no more than the elective magistrate of an aristocracy of princes. It is the emulation of States which is the great spur to their progress.

It was the emulation among the States of Italy which knelled the early ages of the Roman Republic. In the cradle of the later Italian republics modern civilization awoke. It is a kind of loose confederacy, the outgrowth of religion, treaties, and international law, which gives the nations of modern Europe some of the advantages of a European commonwealth, makes them spectators and critics of each other, and stimulates each to strive with rivals for the mastery.

Nor is independence and the strength of independence the only blessing. From the passion of free thought beautiful thought naturally rises. Beauty, no less than freedom, may be served. The grand eye of Goethe, glancing at a map of France by Dupin, in which some of the departments were marked entirely in black, to denote the mental darkness prevailing in those parts, incites him to ask: "Could this ever be if *la belle* France had ten centres instead of one?" * * * Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck are great and splendid cities. Their influence on the pres-

perity of Germany is immeasurable; but could they remain what they are, if deprived of their sovereignty—they were to be degraded to the rank of provincial towns in some great German Empire? I have reason to doubt it.” When was it that Greece was the forehead of the world, as well as the heart which drank and rendered back its beauty? Was it when her once sovereign States, planed of their edges, were stuck, carbuncle shape, in Alexander’s ring, or was it when the planes of her rose-diamond had each a focus of its own? Grote epitomized many histories into one paragraph, when he wrote of Athenian supremacy: “Every successive change of an armed ally into a tributary—every subjugation of a seceder—tended, of course, to cut down the numbers and enfeeble the authority of the Delian Synod; and what was still worse, it altered the reciprocal relations and feelings both of Athens and her allies, exalting the former into something like a despot, and degrading the latter into mere passive subjects.”

To drop wise saws for modern instances: See the Dutch republic in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries! See a league of seven crowned with preëminence in commerce and manufactures; see them become the workshop, the granary of many; adorn harbors with fleets, cities with elegance, a populous land with plenty; see them build the emporium to receive and distribute to Europe the trade of Asia, fill libraries, fill galleries—the country of Rubens, Rembrandt, Descartes (by adoption), Grotius, Spinoza; belt the earth with colonies, lead the agitation for civil and religious liberty; making of the drain a statesman, of the dyke a hero, like an incantation of enchantment wrench from the sea the soil for a mighty people! If one were to ask, “But can this rope of sand” (as it is fashionable to call a federation) “maintain itself, can it fight?” it were enough to answer: The Spaniard, rallying in the rocky Asturias, by the brave, firm patience of eight centuries had collected the strength to hurl the invader from his shore. Inch by inch he had fought his way from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean, to find, as is wont to happen to such absolute success, he had vanquished the fear without to try conclusions with a more subtle foe within. There came a day when Columbus gave a new world to Castile and Leon, and conquest and marriage supremacy in the old to the sovereign of Spain; when Cortez could say to Charles V., “I am the man who

has gained you more provinces than your father left you towns;” but it was a day wherein the virtue of Spain had been exchanged for her empire. This Spaniard, as Philip II, as the head of centralized tyranny, with the invincible chivalry of Spain at his back, launched a world against the League of Seven. The King of Spain and the Indies, the dominator in Europe, Africa, and America—Pharaoh and his hosts—went down. The rope of sand the League of Seven passed over, and shines to us from afar like another Pleiad—a beacon in the heaven.

Spain herself, when the hand of a fiercer than Alva was at her throat—the iron hand which had struck down Italy, Austria, Prussia, and laid their heads in the dust—decrepit Spain struck back in a war to the knife, which ripped open the reins of her tyrant, and joined the holocaust of Moscow to hurl him from his throne. Thanks largely to the fact that weak rulers leaving many good things undone, had left undone that bad one which had been so strongly commenced. Spain had not been so thoroughly welded into one that she could be taken by the collar upon the seizure of her capital, but rose up with separate provinces, with separate capitals, laws, and governments—Biscay, Galicia, Andalusia, and others.

Indeed, when once we have arrived at the conclusion which, unless our premises are wholly *sans cabottic*, we must arrive at, that robberies, violences, murders, wrongs, and injustices are to be resisted, if possible exterminated; that property, liberty, life, right, and justice are to be established for the sake of each and all; that when the injured petition there should be both the will and the power to redress; since there is a limit both to human wisdom and to human power, it is no very abstruse metaphysics to suggest that the limit be not exceeded; that the law ward of the state be competent to his jurisdiction. When to an old woman who complained that her husband had been killed by robbers the Sultan Mahmud regretted the impossibility of keeping order in so distant a part of his dominions, the reply was, “Then why do you take kingdoms which you cannot govern?”

Rulers at a distance, who cannot judge for us, should not act for us. Rightly to manage what lies about him and within his purview is enough to lay on any ruler. Hence the language of one of our early writers. “The Federal power is confined to objects of a

general nature, more within the purview of the United States than of any particular one." Hence the prolonged eulogium which a Montesquieu bestows upon the Confederate Republic, and which the founders of our own took for their premises. "It was these associations," he says, "that so long contributed to the prosperity of Greece. By these the Romans attacked the whole globe, and by these alone the whole globe withstood them; for when Rome was arrived at her highest pitch of grandeur, it was associations beyond the Danube and the Rhine—associations formed by the terror of her arms—that enabled the barbarians to resist her." It was in the atmosphere of these historic truths, and the conclusions from them, that our Federal Union opened its eyes and began to breathe. "Do not make a mistake in the point of your own liberty," exclaimed old Winthrop. "There is a liberty of corrupt nature which is affected both by men and beasts to do what they list; and this liberty is inconsistent with authority, impatient of all restraint; by this liberty *sumus omnes deteriores*;" 'tis the grand enemy of truth and peace, and all the ordinances of God are bent against it. But there is a civil, a moral, a Federal liberty, which is the proper end and object of authority; it is a liberty for that only which is just and good. For this liberty you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives; and whatsoever crosses it is not authority, but only a distemper thereof."

The Romans had a word for the government which has the public good for its object—it is our word republic, community government, a people's transaction of their own affairs, as it were, the every fact of a community realized in the administration of its government—a common weal. But another definition of a republic might be that arrangement of society which most tends to put the best citizens at the helm. "You see that Childebert is a man, obey him," is the first and the last philosophy of empire. Far as Thor can hurl his hammer is his realm. Feudal systems grow upon this basis—that the strongest shall rule as far as his honest strength prevails. Roman discipline conquers the world, because with it travel laws and government for the world, amongst them the preservation of local law. "They held with the plow what they gained by the sword." Norman conquest says: "I am stronger than you; I know how to conquer others, first having learned to conquer myself; proclaim me, therefore, king over you

in name, since I am king over you in fact." Long-haired Merovingian Donothings are nominal kings, powerless to redress wrongs, to repulse Saracens, who, sweeping over Spain, have penetrated to the heart of France. Charles Martel and Pepin, mayors of the palace, are the real kings, and Pope Zacharias gave the decision which nature had already given, that he who possessed the power should bear the title of king. Merovingian Donothings are relegated to the religious houses, where doing nothing is decorous, and relieved of the throne, where it is not so. At different times, in different ways, society passes its statute of uses, which transfers the legal title to the use, declares he who governs the estate is its master.

Freedom has greatly other definitions than "forty acres and a mule," though it is easy to see why this should wake a responsive chord in many. "A fine liberty this," said the cobbler, "which leaves me cobbling shoes as it found me." The French Terrorists took a more public-spirited view of the matter. "What!" they exclaimed, "is this our liberty? Can we no longer kill whom we please?" But justice, which is a thing of some substance, whether practised or not, is the same under all governments. It is not the law, but the recognition of the law which changes. We are free in proportion as we voluntarily walk therein. "Seekest thou the highest and greatest?" said Schiller, "the plants can teach it to thee. What they are involuntarily, that be thou voluntarily." When the first fountains leaped up to the sun, they fell into the bosom of the law. They did not say to the law, "come with us here, or go with us there," but which way the law was, that way they sprang. When the rivers ran down to the sea, their law was leading them by the hand. They did not say to the law, "haste thee to join us or be left behind"; but the law said to the rivers, "I have need that you should follow me." Law is not the creature of "primaries" and "rallying the voter," but a fact which men at their peril are to "find according to the evidence." "This is the law of nature and of God," said Epictetus, "that the better be always superior to the worse." In matter and in mind, in the laws of gravitation and the laws of thought, the greater draws to itself the less. The law expressly states this is the law. It is the law of law. We have pronounced it divine, too, reading in our Testament that, "without all contradiction, the less is blessed of the

greater." Among the perplexing aspects of the present day, the very gravest is, that faith in this as a law of morals and common sense, seems practically extinct; that it seems, for the present, to be relegated to the company of obsolete dogmas, like planks in a platform, put there not for use but for ornament, which artful men will on declamation day declaim, but which no practical man is absurd enough to act on. Let the unused talent be coddled ever so tenderly, or buried ever so deep, he who has made the five talents ten will magnetically draw the eleventh to him also.

Liberty, like the glorious element of the suns, has its tabernacle in the highest. It is no easy leap to pluck its bright honor thence, whatever Hotspur may think. But to dive into the bottom of the deep for it, as Hotspur would, is plainly unwise. It is not the sun we fish for in the pool at our feet—not even a drowned sun—but a counterfeit drowned sun. Let us fish and drag for it as we may, no single lock of it will peep above water for an instant. Liberty is not to be looked for in the mire—it is to be climbed for in the stars.

The apology for despotism is, that to get the ablest and wisest to the front it must be accomplished by force. To have the same thing from preference is to have a republic, which thus clothes itself in a human shape. Freedom is the free dominion of the law. A republic also is the sway of the strongest, but of the strongest in truth; the strongest raised to supremacy on the shield of faithful followers, not the strongest tottering on the subservience of mercenary bayonets; the strongest planting his spear in the field for all who love it to kiss, and saying, behold my banner and my pledge; the strongest standing in the forefront of the state, because the moral power of society is in his hands; not the strongest by an arithmetic which, like the proposed new currency, is referred to a double standard. How a man of real strength can walk upon the waves of human passion, and to a people rightfully infuriated and goaded to desperation, say "be still!" for them make his quiet word law—nay more, make it gospel! how such a man can walk erect in the flame of persecution, and firm amid the roar of ruin, we all saw last winter. When a party of human rights sent forth the edict, "Let every man worthy of freedom forthwith be deprived of it," and a party of moral ideas had made of forgery "clerical error," and of perjury a *façon de parler*, in a victim state,

The state which can say, "My surroundings are my own, held in donations from and in delinquency to no other"; which can say, "I bestow more benefits than I receive; I lay others under obligations, not others me," that state is conqueror. It is with communities as it is with individuals in this respect.

The North and South have wrestled in more than one great debate, which should not be omitted in any proper account of the causes of the war and our convictions touching them; that over the bank of the United States, when, in our young vigor, we struck at the dangerous evil and source of evils involved in great national corporations; that over internal improvements, the force and fraud of a paternal government on a colossal scale, where the paternity was liable to change its offspring every four years; the specious plea of protecting American industry, put forward in the tariff controversy—the ruinous fallacy of a government of subsidies, a government of the lobby—the most shameless, the most justly odious kind of class government. This last was and is so much legislative legerdemain; like all radically unsound legislation, is accompanied by a self-cancelling process, and ~~which~~ as was announced by the present Secretary of State at a late banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, has finally reached the remarkable *reductio ad absurdum* of tariff provisions, which equally disable us from building ships on this side of the Atlantic, or buying them on the other. Such is the anticlimax of a system which "appealed to the human heart" and the like for the poor man's sake, but which has so much more nearly ruined him, with our ships swept from the sea, and our public lands from the face of the earth. John Randolph (a name never to be mentioned without a feeling of reverence for honesty, courage, and genius in statesmanship) was amazed that the votaries of humanity—persons who could not sleep, such was their distress of mind at the very existence of negro slavery—should persist in pressing a measure, the tariff, the effect of which was to aggravate the evils of that condition by impoverishing the master.

It was part and parcel of our doctrine to oppose the concession of vast powers where there was no common interest. Whenever legislation, springing from other communities not having a common interest with us, but an uncommon interest against us, sought to dictate to us, to say, "In this way shall you appropriate your

means, not as you wish, but as we require," we said, "This is an infringement on our right of self-government: this is not government which rests on the consent of the governed, but fraud and spoliation in the teeth of their protest." To all central jobbery and contracting we said, in effect: "Public spirit and immunity from government intrusion are reciprocal;" and we were right. Disproportion between expenditure and value is characteristic of works undertaken under the auspices of government, and necessarily so when the government is a corrupt one, made so by the jobs it undertakes. "It is from local leaving alone," says Victor Hugo, "that English liberty took its rise." This was our general tone, though neither so invariable nor so unanimous as could be desired. "You have no right," we said, "to force us to purchase from you at double and triple prices: to legislate your wares into our homes, and our purses into your pockets. It is idle to say you do not compel us to buy in one place, when you prohibit us from buying in any other." Protection said: "Sell to us in a cheap market, buy from us in a dear one. You, the millions, who now buy men from abroad, agree that the price of this be raised to such a point as will justify the employment of labor at American prices, and still leave abundant supplies for profits: you, the millions, incur this enormous addition to your expense, that we, the dozens, may reap it in our profits. We will pay the wages of our labor out of the industry of yours: you to do the work, or, what is the same thing, employ the labor, we to pocket the proceeds." This species of whole souled patriotism has of late been exhibited with something of the deforming power of an approximating class by the concentration of the system within the limits of single cities. The ring master says: "Be patriotic: freely cast your portion into the public treasury, that I may take it out."

Never was there a filser plea than that such a system as this would render American industry independent. It was a system to render it dependent in the worst of all ways. It was a system to render capital corrupt and labor servile. An American Declaration of Independence on the lips, and American systems of protected industries in the hands, were a modern way to ask for Esau's blessing with Jacob's voice. Protected things, unless self-protected, are never independent. Independence conferred by statute is an unexhausted imagination of these times. In the interest

of prosperity, in the interest of tranquility, no measure could be filder than the creation of a great central vortex, drawing everything into its eddy. Has not this become the very marrow of a struggle for very life—more and more rage of opposites over a prize of contest ever growing in dimensions, until now, when to grasp it is to wield the power of the Czar, and to lay it down, is, in the language of Dean Stanley, “to lay down a sceptre” and be an “ex-sovereign”? Our system elevated an inferior race; theirs has degraded an equal one.

Then there is the question of African slavery. As to this the following, which appeared from the pen of a competent as well as disinterested observer, in *MacMillan's Magazine* for May, 1863, is pertinent to the issue:

Thomas Carlyle on the American Question—Hlad (Americana), *in nuce*:

PETER of the North (to PAUL of the South)—“Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do! You are going straight to hell, you ——!”

PAUL.—“Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire your servants by the month or day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method.”

PETER.—“No, I won't; I will beat your brains out first!” (*and is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot get mastery of it.*)

Self-government, the reduction by ourselves of our own unruliness to order, is far the greatest miracle a moral nature can exhibit. It never has been and is not now a quite universal trait, but has been and seems destined for some time to remain the grandeur of an immortal few. The few are our real rulers. Under all government it is the few who govern; but under the absolutism of a numerical majority it is the corrupt few. The safety in a multitude of counsellors is much greater to the counsellors than to the counselled. Robespierre, incorruptible charlatan that he was—an anomaly in the mountebank breed—was able to see and to say, “La vertu fut toujours en minorité sur la terre.” The free are the few. They are, as Cowper says, “Whom the truth makes free.” Better for Cowper's peace of mind had he seen the correlative of this, which Goethe supplies us with: “None are so grossly enslaved

as they who falsely believe themselves free." When you can take the equal step of freedom, you are prepared to march in the rank of freedom, and the soil under your feet becomes free soil. Before that, resignation to the durance of the awkward squad may be most fitting. The chosen few make the chosen people.

It was our belief that we had a population within our borders which was not capable of self-government; which was dependent upon the control and dominion of others. It is a solecism to say that a savage can be free. You can emancipate him from the hand of a superior, but in doing so you hand him over to his own vices and incoherences; you "grave the name of freedom on a heavier chain."

Could thirteenth and fifteenth amendments, by the stroke of a pen, translate slavery into freedom and self-government, all men must rejoice. Great things are not wont to be done with this degree of ease, especially this thing. Freedom, like other forms of greatness, first takes on itself the form of a servant. The transition from slavery to freedom is precisely that transition the most civilized must pass through, with repeated failure and repeated pain, when he ceases to be the slave of appearance and becomes master of himself; performs that highest of moral acts—his own self-government. Such transition, unspeakably important as it is, in the deepest and truest sense inestimable, is a question rather of authentic fact than of any legislation. Legislation does not yet create. Legislation properly represents. We have now, it is said, an emancipated country. But how? From fraud, from rings, from well-nigh universal perjury and peculation—from these are we emancipated? If the auction of slaves is bad, is not the sale of freemen worse?

Through the streets of the Federal metropolis daily passes a black cloud of human beings, handcuffed and guarded, (of late years caged and driven,) despair, or sometimes stolid, even careless indifference, on their faces. These are emancipated slaves on their way from the police court to the jail—disenthralled from the entils of the overseer to be enthralled in the handcuffs of the law. The negro, it would seem, is Cuffee still. Misguided! Alas! They who so need guidance told to guide themselves through a wild welter of crime and vice; in the infirmity of idleness and want told to steer themselves by their own ignorance. At last the

man." The man in this case, before the war, was a gentle, tractable, generally happy slave, whose rate of increase was almost as superlative as his present death rate. Now the District of Columbia finds him a ruffian, gallows-bird, outrageous, and mutters something about ignominious. Which, then, is the best master, the *past* or *antislavery* one?

Yet let no man doubt there was a tincture of sincerity and good intention to this abolition movement, otherwise it could not have prevailed as it did. The sincerest, most pretending or Christian sects (Quakers) in Pennsylvania and other States, filled with the moral notion of the reign of universal justice and reform, would not touch not taste not handle not do the unclean thing. It is a lesson, how sentimentalism may become degenerated, self-righteous disease and cease altogether to be selfhealing in the zeal for bestowing virtuous admonishments upon others. But sincerity, at first hundredfold again, had still been a power. Because it was sincerity, it said to my opponent, "me too!" Each side must seek it. Politicians gathered around the abolitionist, like hawk-drivers around the single but independent waymarker. The hawks were many, the independence was one. So, therefore, what sincerity can do, even hypocritical sincerity, first mould and then mould.

John Randolph once saw a lady making shirts for the Greeks. "Mamma," said Randolph, "the Greeks are at your doors." People who are not content unless they are retarding abuses, might often, are at home and still be content. Here, for once, was a wise, brave man, who stood up to himself, a just man to swear in the words of no master, where he pulled—the harvest of all fields for heroes. What his words of him reserve to be quoted.

Beh! Sages and Thrones in chains

Alas! the grand minister—

That erst stood in elevation

That erst was in command, casting

The great sword of truth and law,

How long years have been past,

That strong nation's every part

Of slaves is suffering and

More spilling blood and dishonor

For all of old wrongs, less

Of our wrongs, of our strength,

Up in age and of madness

And over all romance and song
 A classic beauty throwing,
 And laurelled Clio at his side
 Her storied pages showing.

“All parties feared him ; each in turn
 Beheld its schemes disjointed,
 As right or left his fatal glance
 And spectral finger pointed.
 Sworn foe of cant, he smote it down
 With trenchant wit unsparing,
 And mocking rent, with ruthless hand,
 The robe Pretence was wearing.”

Our Roanoke statesman is the honored type of the Virginia emancipationist—the Washington-Jefferson type—which it may be the future will yet hold a wiser and a braver one than the more vociferous and apostrophised kind. His doctrine was that true humanity to the slave was to make him do a fair day's work and treat him with all the kindness compatible with due subordination.

The spectacle of wrong and wretchedness, the cruelty of narrow minds and narrow hearts all the world over, is sad beyond expression. Think of the devoted Pole, taking his everlasting farewell of his home, and sent by the cruelest of task-masters to rot under the lash in the torture-press and poison-press of Siberian quick-silver mines. Think of the starving millions in the East. Nothing could well be sadder. But most sorrowful to each should be the struggle of inadequate natures with imperious circumstance at his own door. Think of forty thousand vagrant children in the city of New York, destined, the most of them, to be thieves and prostitutes before the age of twelve. Think of the tenement-house misery in the same city, which no crusading fanatics have moved Heaven and earth to assuage. Think of that house, No. 98 North street, a small one too, which was discovered by the police to contain ninety-nine families, or near five hundred people. The surplus sympathies of “the over-soul” can find an inexhaustible field in the life of every street railway car-driver. In 1226 the titular bishop of Prussia wrote: “What is the use of crusading far off in the East, when heathenism and the kingdom of Satan hangs on our own borders, close at hand in the North?” A sermon on the duty of staying at home—that is, of attending to one's nearest

business, and as the very nearest, the circle of one's own breast—might be derived from many lives, which had been useful had they not early lost all hope of the universe, save by their own undivided attention thereto. The dark flood of human misery swells around the bannered barge of the fortunate, whose oars it propels while receiving their stroke. Sacred forever are the chosen few who have lifted the burdens from the shoulders of the weak by placing them on their own; who, in this way, have borne in their own persons the transgressions of others; who once crucified, are now ascended. Here on earth they were filled with warm, manly poignancy, with soft, feminine pity for the bent forms of poverty and pain, the sad faces of the ineffectual, the lives of the broken and disconsolate, and those wretched existences which are cradled in despair, and suckled, one may say, on vice and disease; by sharing and bearing the penalty strove to mitigate the load and the guilt. Surely they receive the mercy they show.

Pursue the evils which lie at your own doors—fearlessly strike at them. Few are so unprovided but that they, too, may cast in their mite to the relief of sorrow and oppression. But see to it that the strife and the succor be not for appearances only, and end not in substituting the nominal for the actual. The philanthropy which has aggrandized itself in the decay and by the decay of the honor and conscience of the country, the philanthropy of Freedmen's Banks and other such, is "suspect to me." Results have followed which are wont to happen when sentimental self-display mimics the great passions.

It is no true boon when an external power abruptly transforms the whole outward circumstance, leaving the tenant of a feebler sphere to grapple with the aggregate of forces in a larger one, to which he stands in perpetual contradiction and disparity. The privilege of self-government to the inadequate, deficient—is that such a boon? To give the blind man a rifle and tell him to hunt with the hunters for a living! To unyoke the dray-horse and bid him God-speed in winning the race from the swift!

In this wise we reasoned in the years before the war upon premises which were none of our choosing, but were forced upon us by Old England first and New England afterwards. Twenty-three statutes were passed by the House of Burgesses of Virginia to prevent the introduction of slaves, and all were negated by

the British king. It was well said on the floor of the Virginia Legislature, by John Thompson Brown, in answer to English invective: "They sold us these slaves—they assumed a vendor's responsibility—and it is not for them to question the validity of our title." Virginia was the first State not only to prohibit the slave trade, but to make it punishable with death. From her came the chief opposition to the slave trade in the convention of 1787. That trade was continued for twenty additional years—not by the vote of a "solid South," but a solid New England. To New England, too, we might say: "You very obligingly sold us your slaves; voted like one man to keep open the slave trade; availed yourselves fully of all the prizes of that piracy. We bought your merchandise; you pocketed our money." How much of the elegant leisure to vituperate the South has been fed by inheritance of wealth derived from the traffic in human flesh which supplied the South! The slave-traders of the North said to the slaveholders of the South: "You must not interfere with our business for twenty years;" and on this the slave-traders outvoted the slaveholders. Then, when their slave contract had expired, the traders said: "Our conscience revolts against suffering you to profit by the merchandise we sold, though it does not in the least revolt against retaining the money you gave. It is our duty to see that the consideration do not pass to you, but by no means our duty to relinquish that which has passed to us, nor to compensate you for the injury of which we are the cause." In this transaction my eyes refuse to see the superior morals of the slave-traders.

A writer in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, for 1868, dealing with the *post-bellum* aspect of the negro—one of the agents, too, of reconstruction (or, as it might be better called, of deconstruction)—has this conclusion: "In short, the higher civilization of the Caucasian is gripping the race in many ways, and bringing it to sharp trial before its time. This new, varied, costly life of freedom—this struggle to be at once like a race which has passed through a two thousand years' growth in civilization—will unquestionably diminish the productiveness of the negro, and will terribly test his vitality. It is doubtless well for his chances of existence that his color keeps him a plebeian. * * * What judgment, then, shall we pass upon abrupt emancipation merely with reference to the negro? It is a mighty experiment, fraught with as much menace

as hope. To the white race alone it is a certain and precious boon." And, now, can such a perhaps as this, "fraught with as much menace as hope" to the black man in the South, vindicate the decimation and desolation of the white man?

There are all kinds of social discipline. The King of Dahomey, when he ascertained, the other day, that he had to pay a heavy indemnity to England, sacrificed five hundred human beings to propitiate the deities. Ours in the South was more preservative than this. We had a system of society and subordination unencumbered by either criminal or pauper class, except in so far as "the sum of all villainies" made the sum total of society liable to indictment—a society exempt from strikes, exempt from tramps, exempt from the dissension of capital and labor, which, by a discipline milder, certainly, than the jail and calls on the President for troops, made the inferior element of society orderly, temperate, obedient, secure from want, and, with little exception, secure from crime; so contented withal, that in the midst of the death-grapple of the hands that held the reins nothing could tempt it to insurrection. Rings and their subsidized voices, tramps and the tramps' gospel, grew and were fertilized elsewhere. We did not by legislative act seek to make negroes free. We did better: we kept them from being criminals. Did the South lag behind in the race of progress? The philanthropist is the last man who should make this a reproach. It was lifting the black man up which pulled the white man back. The negro did not carry us, but we set him upon his legs. A few months ago the telegraph flashed over the land the news that Adam Johnson, sentenced to be hung for murder in South Carolina, "insisted upon the son of his old master during slavery standing by him to the last." In the wide world he could turn him to no other in that hour. Abolitionists and their civilization of scoundrels and carpet-baggers had brought him to this—the freedom to be hung for murder. Twice in the past year the newspapers have mentioned how former slaves have gathered around the grave of one who had been their master, and asked and received permission to sing one of their hymns—in one instance themselves officiated as pall-bearers. It is touching to see how, through all the defiling foulness, perjuring uncleanness of carpet-bagging philanthropy, the negro opens his eyes to the certain truth that his old master is his kindest and wisest friend.

Take a considerably higher instance—the highest of the kind the country can afford:

The present Marshal of the District of Columbia, who, having first won his freedom by his heels, has since displayed the decidedly higher faculty of maintaining it by his head, with success and applause, visits the scenes of his youth, which, in his case, are the scenes of his bondage. He goes with the express object of calling on the man he ran away from. This should have been the most galling case possible. This man stands in the foremost file of his race, therefore is one who had smarted most under slavery. What happened? Tenderly he grasped the hand of Captain Auld, addressed him as his old master, and begged his forgiveness if he had ever spoken of him with asperity or said anything to wound his feelings. "He came," he said, "to shake the hand and look into the kind old face of his master, and see it beaming with light from the other world." It is added: "When they parted both men wept." This, it must be admitted, was a strange way for victim and oppressor to meet and part.

Let it be admitted that sentimentalism in politics was less contagious at the South than in some other quarters; that what is known and honored as philanthropy struck us as a platform virtue of the mutual-admiration kind; as such not greatly honorable nor by us honored. At no time did the sentiment of Anacharsis Clootz, that "the principles of democracy are of such priceless value as to be cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of the whole human race," cause a quite universal enthusiasm. Liberty which was rhetorical merely was not our forte. We did not believe in a nominal republic, which would require large standing armies to show free citizens the way to freedom. Liberty is in a curious way which demands a large standing army to drive it home and make it rest on the consent of the governed. Bismarck is credited with the observation that "a bayonet is not a good thing to sit down on." How amazed, then, he must be, to see the sovereigns of America gravely passing an act to seat their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor nowhere else. The truth is, their sacred honor just at present could plant itself on the point of a bayonet without being excessively cramped; might be set down very hard there without sensible annoyance.

Whether to make of the inferior element a bond slave was the absolutely best way, is a question which may now be safely left to determine itself by the result of a contrary policy. But that to do as our enemy did, make of the inferior element a master, is the absolutely worst way, may, without presumption, be asserted now and here. If the Southern master had a slave, he had a slave whom he protected. If the Southern slave had a master, he had a master whom he respected. Moralists hereafter will be sorely put to it to account for the well-nigh total absence of revenge, malevolence, animosity, on the part of the negro toward his old master, if his past was so invariably bitter. Either his forgiveness of injuries is the greatest ever known, or his sense of them the least. Let it be said, in his unqualified praise, that of all the races, the negro has made the best slave, has been faithful in that which is least; a better part, certainly, than that of being faithless in that which is greatest—an accusation which may yet be brought against the white race of the country. There is hope for the negro to-day greater than any which exists for the Indian, because the negro is docile, willing to serve and obey, and, unlike the Indian, could be made a slave of and be controlled by others before being able to control himself; because he has by nature the faculty of truly revering that which is higher than himself; is not, in self-devouring pride, recusant to it. If now, in freedom, he be persevering, diligent, as in slavery he was docile, tractable! His slavery! Has not that and nothing else lifted him from the condition of African savage to that of American freeman, worthy by our law to cast his ballot with the rest, which the Chinese, who is not, and since recorded time has not been a savage, is not worthy to do? The negro is to-day an American citizen, started in the race of civilization by virtue of what, pray? His thousands of years of African freedom, as some may term them, or his two hundred years of American bondage?

African liberty! What is it to deprive a man of that? The latest intelligence on the subject is that another step toward the civilization of Africa has been taken by England in inducing the King of Leucalia, a district lying to the southeast of St. Paul de Loanda, to enter into an engagement to put a stop to all human sacrifices among his people. Suppose, then, that human beings who otherwise are given over to the immolation and consumption of one another, in this kind of honor preferring one another, are made bond slaves,

halted in their religious and political economy, and made to cease to be their brothers' keepers, in this culinary way, and actually to begin to be useful to themselves and others, what great rights of man are the worse for it? Noble, not ignoble, is the dominion of the higher over the lower; beautiful the surrender of the lower to the higher, when, with pleased recognition of the truth, a soul bows in the presence of its master. Hard, indeed, must be the heart to resist the eloquence which says, "Behold! behold! I am thy servant." Subordination of inferior to superior is the supreme social act; all else is struggle, contention for society.

Finally, jealousy of their own rights, and jealousy of their right to the labor of their slaves, did not blind the men of the South to the rights of others. When a storm of detraction and proscription burst upon the head of the foreign immigrant and the Roman Catholic communicant, it did not gather at the South, but was rolled back by her firm hand. It is one of the anomalies of this great controversy between opposing ideas and institutions that, after the North had proclaimed the necessity of amending the constitution to prevent social discrimination against the negro in the South, it was reserved for a hotel of the State and a bar association of the city of New York to say to the race of Spinoza, Neander, Arago, the Herschels; of Massena, "the favored child of victory"; of Soult, "the man of Austerlitz;" of Heine and Meyerbeer, of Disraeli and Rothschild: "Come not near me, I am holier than thou."

III.

I must, however, ask you to assume, what is far enough from being the case, that these several differences of opinion and causes of dispute between the North and the South have now been treated of in some not wholly disreputable manner; and that, to a Southern audience at least (and this is more probable), it has been made sufficiently clear that justice was on the side of the South in this great controversy. I pass on to say that justice, too, must be strong. To be weak when you have the power to be strong, is itself an injustice. It is written, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." You who otherwise have right on your side must see to it that you have strength on your

side, else he whose iron is stronger than your gold, whose unscrupulous force outweighs your legal right, will have judgment entered against you. To be intrenched in parchment to the teeth is not the whole of law: only a vantage ground for more readily asserting it. Without prudence, without wakeful alertness, firm, even fierce assertion, the mere parchment right is but a castle without defenders. The great wall of China seems secure enough, running thirteen hundred miles over plain and over mountain: every foot of the foundation in solid granite, the structure solid masonry. But without a living wall of Chinese men behind it, unconstitutional Tartars bound over its "strict construction" as a thing of course. "Your strict construction is *ultra vires*," they paradoxically say. The injustice which is perpetrated in "courts of justice" without remorse and without rebuke, is a standing admonition of the real despotism which may be exercised under the names and forms of liberty. It is not in the letter of a constitution, it is in the heart of a people that freedom is secured, if at all. The law protects not them who sleep upon their rights. Make yourself strong, soon your right becomes clear. Every man holds his own by this tenure. Sleepless enemies lie in wait for all prowess, for all endowment, and are held in check by incessant labor, incessant vigil. A chosen people are surrounded by Philistines, and must subdue them or be subdued.

John Bright has animadverted on the South, not without ground, for this, that the class legislation complained of by her could not have been enacted if she herself had not participated in its enactment. Did not we, too, set the example of excluding slavery from the territory of the United States by excluding it from that which we bestowed?—a hint which was ample for them who found precedent in such matters more often a hindrance than a guide. "Long-headed men" were persuaded that the South, or some portion of the South, could find pecuniary advantage in suspending, here and there, the tenets of her faith respecting the constitution and the laws. If men will not watch their own, they will lose their own. The talent which is buried in the earth is forfeit to him who has done differently. It is not Heaven's will that men should meet together and make a constitution and laws which may dispense with vigilance and self-vindication. No charter of freedom can exonerate from this. Weak

the strategic point. Acuteness, pertinacity, the long arm and sinewy grip of all the athletes of greed and impecunious alertness won the day.

It will never do to forget our own faults in the explanation of our misfortunes. It is, indeed, our own faults which, for our own sakes, it especially behooves us to bear in mind. The Spanish proverb says: "You must thank yourself if you break your leg twice over the same stone." It is well, however, also to observe that while he who permits injustice must suffer for it; he who commits it does not go without a day. Vainly will you expect to hold under the sanctions of law that which has been gained by violation of law. Do you choose to thrive at the expense of the demoralization of society? Hope not to secure yourself as though society were moral. Every victory of man's mere avidity is the increase of his material at the expense of his spiritual part. The material accumulation goes on *pari passu* with the moral depletion, so that a whole world arrived at unjustly were a whole soul gangrened by the booty. "What is there wanting to me?" asked Ugolin, tyrant of Pisa. "Nothing but the anger of God." The mean advantage wins the day, to be sure; but, in doing so, receives wounds which can never be exhibited as honorable scars. Victory which is composed of a stroke under the belt is as sharp at the hilt as at the point. There is a pertinent proverb: "The man who resorts to Lynch law must not complain of the judge when, in some future controversy, the case goes against him."

Lincoln added to the regular army and made changes in the customs without asking anybody's leave, and in violation of the constitution he had sworn to support. Congress, some months afterwards, undertook to indemnify the President for the violation of his oath. But the utmost members of Congress could do was to be loyal to their own duty and equivocate their own oaths. They could permit themselves to visit the consequences, but they could not pass any resolution or legislation alter the fact or prevent the consequences of violated law. They could not prevent a whole people from growing familiar with oaths and laws which are matters of common law. When there was a law prohibiting an officer of the United States from receiving or paying anything but gold and silver, and in the face of a constitutional prohibition against a State making anything but gold and silver legal tender, in order,

as it was termed, "to suppress insurrection." Congress passed an act making paper legal tender, not only for the future, but in flagitious violation of existing compacts for the past; and by the able exertions of a subsidized press, the enormity of the act, and for the time being the credit of the Government which perpetrated it, was sustained. Long before the passage of that act a sagacious man had observed: "Paper money is strength in the beginning, but weakness in the end." Congress now has its hands very full of paper money; but the war which was waged by it was less formidable than the war which now has to be waged against it, and the insurrection against stability, commerce, property, morals, it has promoted—a wider and deeper panic to every interest and virtue of a people than Bill Ruff. An especially able paper, read before the last American Social Science Convention at Saratoga, computes that the legal-tender act has cost more than the war itself.

Rings have been able to carry judges in their pockets. Partisan selfishness may fill the bench with unworthy creatures; but neither, by so doing, can fill the community with love of justice, or very distinctly with the sense of it. To receive a sentence he cannot resist, and know in his heart it is not just, but unjust, arbitrary, tyrannical—this is the one ignominy a man should not submit to, but resentfully recoil from. The great right of man is his right to just government. For it come to this, that the ruffian may say, "I am an avowed violator of the law, therefore that much better than the unavowed one who visits my transgression!" The spoliation of the public seems a clever thing for the nonce, but when high-handed robbery has made a public of tramps and criminal classes, it is not so clever. Moreover, a new criminal class, which says its phylacteries from daylight until the thirteenth, and delivers addresses on the importance of moral culture, proves an imperfect antidote to the former. Modern civilization has made it something easier to exceed the right wisdom of the scribes and Pharisees in the nineteenth century than it was in the first. Happily, the knave's kingdom, after it has been gained, is menaced with perpetual revolt, against which the only hope is in paid Pratorian bands, another menace. The king of knaves is a captive on his throne. It is an unloved throne—by desperate numbers a hated throne. The very departments of such a government cannot be kept out of the flames—the modern purgatory by which public

buildings are said to be "cleaned out," and reputations are "saved as by fire." As mere matter of fact and business sense, a people cannot be misgoverned prosperously.

Thus we see that class legislation, followed by a war of coercion, with the illegal measures to prosecute, and afterwards, avowedly, to consummate, have not established justice, have not insured the domestic tranquility, have not provided for the common defence, nor promoted the general welfare. They have not formed a more perfect union, but a far less perfect one. The North was successful in rolling the South in the dust, but equally successful in rolling up a seething mass of discontent at her own doors. Selfish politicians have accumulated fortunes for themselves and their trencher friends, but they have accumulated under them the American Commune. The American Commune stands to-day, not by the cradle of American liberty, indeed, but by the side of that more modern cradle which was rocked in the torrent of anti-slavery agitation. The North will yet have cause to deplore the day when she loosened all the bands of society at home, in order to usurp the power to crush and degrade the South. The introduction of perjury and plain repudiation of contract into the affairs of state, North or South, on the plea of necessity, is the act of the falling man who grasps red-hot iron for support.

Late events have revealed differences between the two portions of the country which are important, as indicating which of them rests on the more real and reliable social basis. We savages of the South said to the North, "If you will remove your hostile array, we will govern ourselves," and afterwards made good our words. Now the North says: "Will not you of the South heap coals of fire on our heads by doubling the army, so that we may be governed? Inasmuch as, after great deliberation, and under the stimulus of panic and bankruptcy, as well as what is known as 'necessity of the situation,' we withdrew from you our foreign tyranny, will you not return the kindness by helping to save us from ourselves?" The North admits itself to have the clear advantage of philanthropy, "moral ideas," "abstract sense of justice and right," and "the best government the world ever saw." The South, we know, has been encumbered with "the old virus of slavery" and the carpet-bagger, which last we, in turn, admit to have been "the sum of all villainies," decidedly the worst government the

was in the war between the States. The fact that the odds so long resisted by the South were more cruel than three to one, must always be accepted as the measure of her moral power. To her mind it was very clear that she had been first robbed and then calumniated; because her feathers were the brightest in the plume of her adversary, she had none left to shine in her own. The wealth, the factories, the opulent cities of the North, were the bright spoil of her fields, which had never been retaliated. A political party which named itself "the poor man's friend" (Boss Tweed and other Bosses have since done the same thing on the same basis) was not to our taste. The surgeon of Le Sage possessed the talent of turning passengers into patients by a single stroke of his poinard, upon whom, however, he was then willing to exercise his curative abilities. "Hypocrits," says the Talmud, "first steal leather and then make shoes for the poor." One possession the South had not parted with—the hearts of her children. These were hers only.

In the fall of 1859 there came to light a campaign document, to which was subscribed the written recommendations of sixty-eight members of Congress from the North, among them the present Secretary of the Treasury. It contained the following: "It is our honest conviction that all the pro-slavery slaveholders deserve at once to be reduced to a parallel with the basest criminals that lie fettered within the cells of our public prisons. We are determined to abolish slavery at all hazards—in defiance of all the opposition, of whatever nature, it is possible for the slaveocrats to bring against us. Of this they may take due notice and govern themselves accordingly."

John Brown's raid, and the immense import of a failure intrinsically mean, needs not to be spoken of here—an armed foray to liberate slaves, whereby not a single slave was made insubordinate! John Brown, in himself, is not a man to excite invective. He has the affecting aspect of having stood upon his own assumptions till the solid earth gave way under him, as, sooner or later, it does under fallacy; further, he has borne, and so far as he could do so in his own person, expiated the consequences of his transgression. The unsound, distracted theory he held and sought to reduce to practice would not be reduced by him. The slaves would not rise; from that day to this have not risen against their masters.

So there was nothing left but for him to fall. This, at least, he did like a brave man, and one who, in his dim, distracted way, sought to walk bravely. This is not the worst of men. Would that we could say "the evil that he did died with him." The soul of this old brigand, we are often assured, and have too much reason to believe, is still "marching on." When he took his last leap minute-guns were fired, the church bells were tolled in the cities of the North, and prayers offered. The great rock at North Elba, beside which he is buried, and which bears his name, is now all written over and defaced even by other inscriptions made by visitors, for whose convenience a hatchet or chisel is kept near the foot. Wendell Phillips said of him: "He had conquered Virginia; made of her a disturbed State, unable to stand on her own legs for trembling, had not the vulture of the Union hovered over her; proved a slave State to be only fear in the mask of despotism. Had a hundred men rallied to him he might have marched across the quaking State to Richmond." In the fullness of time a million men rallied to him; but "marching across the quaking State to Richmond," which was done with so much smooth facility on the platform, somewhat lagged in the field. "The vulture of the Union" changed sides completely, and still the trembling legs did not refuse to stand up with some stoutness. "Fear in the mask of despotism" disguised itself with a protracted and a strange success. These predictions do not seem to me to rank with the very highest prophecy, or most admirable discernment into men and things, though they have been much admired as such, and by none more than their author. Phase making, it is clear, is decidedly not the best gift of Heaven, and it is devoutly to be hoped will not be the last. Whatever other basis society may rest on, this is the most worthless which has ever been applied to.

In the fullness of time, also, "the slaveocrats," as well as several million people involved in the same society and destiny, did take "due notice" of "the parallel with the basest criminals," so highly approved by the sixty-eight members of Congress from the North, and did "act accordingly." In legal parlance, they "acknowledged service," and at the proper time put in, what history will feel constrained to term, a refreshingly proper appearance. When every scandal and offense to the South took the offensive against her—the Morrill tariff, colossal jobbery, which has since spanned a con-

tinent: defiance of contract, which has since ruined national banks and paper money; pledged determination to raze the foundations of the South and to topple the whole edifice—it was settled that she could be brought to terms by complete exhaustion and defeat alone. When superior numbers rose against her, and “false to freedom, sought to quell the free,” the opportunity was given and seized to prove the honesty of our own convictions. The merchant closed his ledger; the clerk sprang over his desk; the student threw down his lexicon and shouldered a musket; the planter rode his best horse into the field; the churches melted their bells into guns, and women their jewels into the treasury. A storm of indignation swept over the land, in the tension and revolt of which all the forces of society were bent like a bow and recoiled like the bolt. Purer devotion to a cause never was beheld.

It has been said men make the laws and women make the morals. “Laws,” says Milton, “are masculine births.” It is the prerogative of man, seldom as it is availed of, to clothe himself in their majesty, and on this earth to be their representative; but the history of morals is woman’s history—a deeply-important, fact if we consider another aphorism: “Men make laws, but we live by custom.” You recall the sally of Fletcher of Saltoun: “I care not who makes the laws of a people, so I make their songs.” The song is that which floats most directly from the heart of a people, and most directly floats back to it again. It is the expression of that which is anterior to all laws; the moral sense which makes them, and on which they must operate. It is the power behind the throne, greater than the throne, which makes the Queen of Song of such significance. You lay a hand on the pulse of a people when you touch and are touched by her’s. In no wise, therefore, can it be omitted as a most literal fact, that in the sharp discrimination of those times and fates, when the customary pilots of society, the priest, the poet, the newspaper editor, were so largely merged in the secular arm; when the minister of the gospel fought through all grades, from private in the ranks up to Lieutenant-General Commanding; when the poet largely had his “headquarters in the saddle;” when the editor “associated himself with the staff,” and there was nobody left to make either the laws or songs of a people in the terrible business of waging their wars; the

toes in or war said to woman here in the conservative South, "the more than Papal throne of public opinion, be that your throne, and be your proper mercy and your proper dignity your noblest sceptre." The subtler impulses of the war fell into her hands, as well as its gentler ministrations. She was the voice of its heart and the interpreter of its passion. She staunched the wound and smoothed the pillow. She was the minister to the sick and the angel to the dying. She wove the banner and device which floated at the head of every column. She girded on the harness for the fight, giving most proudly where she loved most dearly. Unmired and unbefleeced, she rose the true Pontiff of a Commonwealth.

In this form I have thought it worth while to review the convictions actuating us in a contest which sealed their sincerity. That, at least, can never more be questioned; for, though when the war broke out, the doctrine of our assailants was, that some two hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders maintained such a reign of terror at the South, that the remaining population were driven into resistance, wherefore a United States army was necessary in their midst to endow them with free speech; when the war ended, and this same population was not only free to express devotion to the Union, but greatly rewarded for doing so, and punished for not doing so, the legislation of a Northern Congress assumed that their devotion to their cause was such as no misfortune could impair; that not a man of them could be trusted, and that a reign of terror and proscription, undeniable this time, must be put over them in consequence! The strength to do and suffer greatly, the strength of Ironsides, can only be had of men "knowing what they fight for and loving what they know." To embody the just sympathies of men, this it is to be a republic. To present those sympathies and that justice in their truest form, this is the art of government. A government rests on intelligence, when intelligence welcomes it as intrinsically noble and beneficent. More absolutely than any king the citizens of such a State can say: "The State, it is ourselves, our sword, our helmet, our breast-plate, our breast: the nobleness we ourselves have made and are made by." The country which is loved is the country which is lovely.

No more compendious statement of the war has been given than that of Lord John Russell, "The North is fighting for empire, the South for independence." To this may be added another, by our President Davis, in the summer of 1864, "We are not fighting for slavery—we are fighting for independence." We were not sapping, but supporting the principles of social order; fighting for no metaphysical, fighting for practical rights. The men of '76, when they spoke of the right of revolution, did not mean that it was a wrong, but that it was a right. The men of '87 did not mean to make bond and dependent the States which were "and of a right ought to be free and independent." They did not organize a system of constitutional warfare between the States, but its constitutional prohibition—a government under law and Constitution; not over it, "outside the Constitution." The men of 1861 said, "Better to have been subjugated by the arms of Great Britain than by our own Federal compact." The present Executive of the United States, on a late tour through the country, several times quoted—if the newspapers quote him rightly—as coming from Andrew Jackson, the words "The Union, it must and shall be preserved." But Jackson never made that speech. What he did say was, "The Federal Union, it must be preserved." Ours was the Federal army. In any correct use of terms, our assailant was the anti-Federal army. Henry Clay in 1836, speaking of the Abolitionists, asked: "Is their purpose to appeal to our understandings and actuate our humanity? And do they expect to accomplish that purpose by holding us up to the scorn and contempt and detestation of the free States and the whole civilized world?" "No." The Abolitionists, let me suppose, succeed in their present aim of uniting the inhabitants of the free States as one man against the inhabitants of the slave States. "Union on the one side will beget union on the other, and this process of reciprocal consolidation will be attended with all the violent prejudices, embittered passions, and implacable animosities which ever degraded human nature. A virtual dissolution will have taken place, while the forms of its existence remain." This was a more statesmanly prediction than any which has been shown to me of Mr. Wendell Phillips or any of his school of prophets. In 1861 the causes enumerated by Clay had produced the anticipated results. The Constitution was then "marching on" to be operated "outside the Constitution," *hors la loi*, as

Robespierre would say, and since that time, as we know, has been planted definitively "on the side of freedom"—of freedom to be violated with impunity! This was not the Union to which we acknowledged either obligation or affection—the force and fraud of a Union. We may rightfully take to ourselves the words which were used by the first Dissenters in Virginia, that they were not dissenters from the original constitution of the church, but rather dissented from those who had forsaken it. Old Winthrop was right. There is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty which is the proper end and object of authority; for this liberty, you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives, and whatsoever crosses it is not authority, but some distemper thereof.

IV.

A despairing audience must long since have decided that this address is as slow in getting into the Wilderness as the children of Israel were in getting out of one. But wildernesses abound in this world in order that faith may more abound. Sooner or later they are arrived at by almost every path—that of this association being no exception—which, indeed, least of all was to be expected. It has seemed to me that the illustration of the foregoing premises might best be found, not in the day of elation which closed at Gettysburg, but at the point of depression, exhaustion, and "wearing out by attrition"—the campaign of 1864. Since September 22d, 1862, the United States, in the language of Mr. Wendell Phillips, "had turned its face Zionward"—that is to say, President Lincoln, who one or two days earlier had pronounced a proclamation of emancipation to be "the Pope's bull against the comet," on the day above mentioned let fly at the comet in the papal and bovine manner he himself described, with results which fully justified his first impressions.

We take up our line of march on the banks of the Rapidan. In the name of the river, as in the names Northanna, Southanna, Rixanna, Foxyanna, we have preserved once more the kindly-affectioned zeal which Virginians so long retained for the courtly and spanking reign of Anne, making the surface of our soil the bark of an old tree in which the same initials perpetually recur.

The country about the border line between Orange and Spotsylvania, extending back from the Rapidan, is a dismal region of barrens covering rich veins of ore; on the Spotsylvania side more especially of iron, on the other of gold—a fact which has written itself upon the localities and creeks of the neighborhood, one of which Mine Run gives the name to the battle which closed the previous campaign. The origin of the name goes back to the first settlement of the country. When the Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe set out on their transmontane ride in 1716, to scale the Appalachians and drink his Majesty's health on the summit of Mount George—*sic jurat transcendere Montes*—the journal of their expedition chronicled the following: "At half past two we got the horses; at three we mounted, and at half an hour after four we came up with our baggage at a small river three miles on the way, which we call Mine River, because there was an appearance of a silver mine by it." In a good sense it came to pass afterwards that what glittered was not silver.

The country is one of gold, but of melancholy, forbidding exterior. It is as if it said: "My severity is seeming, my bounty is real. I hold one of the prizes of life, therefore not to be turned up in the first furrow or the first week; the reward of discrimination, persistency, wise discriminating method; one of the great prizes of life, which cannot be bought simply, but must be wrought within. I carry my frowns on my brow, my beams in my breast." It is a country of iron and gold, as it were, of gold, and the iron to defend the gold; a fountain of wealth, and the mailed hand needful to assure it; a country of untamed forest and coppice, presenting an aspect of savagery unchanged from the time when the savage was its lord. Endless successions of jungle have come and gone, each in turn rotting at the base of another like unto itself; as savage herds, as wild beasts come and go; their whole past the dust under their feet. So here the foliage of each recurring spring rises out of the mist of all the autumns packed about the roots—a savage past, which fades as the leaf, and is then most useful when turned into manure. All the ages of the past lie there, pressed into a few handfuls of inorganic mould, feeding the labyrinth of to-day. He who wishes to see a district in the heart of the oldest of American commonwealths which looks as it did when the white man first landed on our shores, will find it here.

"So thou art Brass without, but Golde within," written under the portrait of Captain John Smith, might be written over this portion of the State he so bravely helped to found. The last time I saw it, looking back from a rise in the road, the mellow gush of a perfect October Sabbath was throwing its deep, delicate farewell, at once the noblest and the tenderest of the year, over the changing autumn leaf where one might say a perpetual Sabbath reigned, were rest mere idleness, and not "the fitting of self to its sphere;" were it not "loving and serving the highest and best;" but as it was, one might have said that the rest of the Lord poured a ray from his halo around the hair of his adversary, making the wrath of the Wilderness to praise Him; so that, for the instant, one might see, as in creation week, that all is good. The tall, gaunt pines, and clumps of pines, rising alternately in light and shadow, waved aloft like green peaks and islands in a rolling sea, far as the eye could stretch, of autumn glory.

It must ever be a satisfaction to remember that the same Henry, Earl of Southampton, who with one hand lifted up in the East the "Glorious Morning" of a Shakspeare's Sun, with the other planted in his "golden fleece" the tops and meadows of Virginia, and poured over both the age of Elizabeth. He was a great Henry who was "the tenth muse" to those eternal numbers and these pathless wilds, architect of those stirring fortunes, which in 1607 planted the Cross at the foot of the falls of James river. One cannot read now without emotion the verses of the poet Drayton, written at the time of embarkation:

You leave, brave minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Whilst lingering hind
Lurk here at home with shame,
Go and subdue,

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

And in regions far,
 Such heroes bring ye forth,
 As those from whom we came,
 And plant our name
 Under that star,
 Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
 Of laurel everywhere,
 Apollo's sacred tree,
 You it may see,
 A poet's brows
 To crown, that may sing there.

But it is the leaf of a century later which I wish to hold up for a moment, because there happens to be on it an impression of the scenery upon which we are immediately to enter. One of the merriest of the narratives of Colonel William Byrd relates certain journeys of the Sovereign of Westover, called by him "A progress to the Mines," which finally drew rein at "Colonel Spotswood's enchanted castle," on one side of a Germanna street, opposite "a Baker's dozen of ruinous Tenements," where "so many German Families had dwelt some years ago." Only Mrs. Spotswood was at home, "who received her old acquaintance with many a gracious smile." "I was carried," he writes, "into a room elegantly set off with Pier Glasses. * * * A brace of tame deer ran familiarly about the house, and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger. But, unluckily, spying his own figure in the glass, he made a spring over the Tea Table that stood under it and shattered the glass to pieces, and, falling back upon the tea-table, made a terrible Fracas among the china. * * * But it was worth all the Damage to show the moderation and good humor with which she bore this disaster. In the evening the noble Colonel came home from his mines, and Mrs. Spotswood's sister, Miss Theky, who had been to meet him *en carthage*." The next day the visitor was instructed in the mystery of making iron, wherein Spotswood had led the way, and was the Tubal Cain of Virginia, being the first in North America to erect a Furnace. However, the Furnace was still great part of the time, and Spotswood said "he was rightly served for committing his affairs to a mathematician, whose thoughts were always among the stars." Later in the day there was shown a marble fountain,

"where Miss Theky often sat and bewayled her virginity"—not ineffectually, since she left descendants. "At night we drank prosperity to all the Colonel's Projects in a Bowl of Rack Punch, and then retired to our devotions." The next night the two Barons "quitted the threadbare subject of iron, and changed the scene to Politics." Spotswood said the ministry had receded from their demand upon New England to raise a standing salary for all succeeding Governors, for fear some curious members of the House of Commons should enquire how the money was disposed of that had been raised in the other American colonies for the Support of their Governors. * * * He said further, that if the Assembly in New England would stand Bluff, he did not see how they could be forced to raise Money against their will. * * * Then the Colonel read me a lecture upon Tar," &c.

Here was a man who a year later, making a visit to his plantation, laid off a tract at the Point of Appomattox to be called Petersburg, and another at Shoccoe's to be called Richmond, supping with another who had erected the first furnace in America; led the first troops over the mountains; who promoted Benjamin Franklin to be postmaster of Pennsylvania; a veteran of Blenheim, wounded in the breast there, and afterwards dying on his way to take command in the army against Carthageua. Cincas, had he stepped in to spend the evening, would have been embarrassed to find Tubal Cain and Triptolemus under the same roof. The whole logic of the Revolution was considered by that host and guest, as they sat in the September mildness with their feet under the mahogany, to teach us what a thing it is *condere gentem*.

It is a simple and a grand old day which has come down to us from those founders of commonwealths, the knightliest of that knightly band

"Who rode with Spotswood round the land,
And rode with Raleigh round the seas;"

when the planter had his own capital, his own Birmingham, his own standing army, his own navigable river, and shipped his tobacco at his own doors; when, after the union of England and Scotland, the escutcheon of the Colony was quartered with the arms of England, France, and Ireland, crested by a maiden queen, with the motto, "*Eudat Virginia quartum*" (before the union *quin-*

tem—when the Atlantic ocean was the Virginia sea in Capt. Smith's geography, and so exposed in the highly ornamented map which has come down from him, with a group of naked savages on one side, and, properly enough, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" on the other.

One other sentence from this old past, and I am done. "Three miles farther," writes Colonel Byrd of his journey forward, "we came to the Germanua road, where I quitted the chair and continued my journey on horseback. I rode eight miles together over a stony road, and had on either side continual poisoned Fields, with nothing but Saplings growing on them." Here in 1732 is the description which serves us for to-day. The Lord of Westover is gone. His broad empire is gone. All that remains of the most accomplished hand and courtly mind on this side of the Atlantic are these paintings of his pen, around which forever wantons the merry laughter of a witty lip, giving us the best, if not the only picture of the time and of himself, who almost was the time. Triptolemus and his gay steeds, with the revering slaves who held the stirrup for their lord, have scudded to far-off lands; are clean gone and scattered here as the autumn leaf they strode home in. Tubal Cain is gone. The Golden Horse-Shoer bucked the pale horse in season, and took his farewell ride doubtless in the old knightly fashion. Marlborough's veteran has fought his last fight, and, faithful son of the church, we will hope received his death wound, too, in the breast. Spotswood's "enchanted castle," the "gracious smile" which made it so, the tame deer and the pier-glass through which they darted panic stricken, as wiser animals have been before and since by a "counterfeit presentment," are melted into air. The German colony is gone. Their ruinous tenements have ceased even to be ruinous. The marble fountain and its virginal wail are gone, or at most only the wail is left. The banquets are gone. No fiscal Moflett, with his monitory bell-punch, had been conceived in 1732, and "the Bowl of Rack Punch" has left not a rack behind. But those "poisoned Fields" remain. They are the battle-fields of the Wilderness, where Spotswood's descendant massed again the iron of a people, leading another kind of Horse-Shoe Knights, "red-wat shod."

Through this country run two principal roads, known as the Orange and Fredericksburg turnpike (or more commonly Old Pike), and south of this the Orange and Fredericksburg plank-road.

These two roads, about the point of the battle field, run nearly parallel, at a distance varying from two miles and a half to two miles and a quarter, but beyond that point converge very rapidly, and form a junction at the old Wilderness Church, some two miles further on. South of the plank-road and diverging from it, where the line of battle ran on the 6th of May, some three quarters of a mile, is the road bed of the then unfinished Orange and Fredericksburg railroad. Crossing the two established highways, and crossing each other so as to make an X, are the Germanna plank-road and the Brook road, the former running from Germanna Ford in a southeasterly direction, and constituting, in connection with the latter, the direct road to Richmond from Germanna Ford. The Cartarpin road intersects the Brook road about eight miles south of the plank-road, at Todd's Tavern, and connects with the road from Ely's Ford at Aldrich, two miles southeast from Chancellorsville.

Confederate resistance in the field meant, from the beginning, a general's strategy and an army's patience equalizing unequal numbers and resources. It meant the show of troops at many points, their rapid concentration at a few, even at the expense of the exposure of the rest. It meant forced marches, meagre equipment, deficient food and forage. It meant this the first year of the war. It meant it more than ever in the last. The greatest and best appointed army of modern times, the army which marched to Moscow, moving in midsummer through the friendly country of Lithuania from the Niemen to the Dwina, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles in a time which made the average rate of travel less than twelve miles a day, lost ten thousand horses and nearly one hundred thousand men; left a hundred and fifty guns and five hundred caissons at Wilna, and twenty five thousand sick and dying in the hospitals and villages of Lithuania. These losses, the Emperor says, arose from "the uncertainty, the distresses, the marches and countermarches of the troops, their fatigues and sufferings." The want of dry fodder for the horses, and the necessity of supporting them upon the green crop which was growing in the fields, mowed them down in such heaps. Just such marches and countermarches, fatigues, and sufferings of the troops, was the price of all Confederate achievement. Campaigns in the Valley, battles around Richmond, sieges of Petersburg, all depended upon

this. On the eve of his long wrestle with Grant, Lee had to close with forces not only worn and torn by three bloody years, but now pinched by famine in the track of armies, a portion of whose strategy was, as Sheridan's correspondent boasted of that marauder's operations in the Valley, "so to desolate, that a crow flying over would have to carry his own rations."

Three years of such warfare had not told exclusively on one side. Immigration, it is true, did much to relieve recruiting in the North. At the same time the working classes were becoming dissatisfied, and dimly perceived that the cost of the struggle fell on them in the end, since they who paid it recovered it in the prices charged on the necessities of life. They felt that the value of money had fallen more than wages had risen. The financier who had matured the "Morrill Tariff," imposing a duty of thirty-three per cent. upon all articles of European manufacture, in May, 1864, proposed to raise the same to sixty-six per cent., in order to double the duties. Chase had hitherto succeeded in carrying on an expensive war, as it seemed, without taxation. He had succeeded in manipulating trade into the speculation which thrives upon war. By building up a war business upon and by reason of the disorganization of all other business, he had created a public policy which owed its success to private demoralization. The few taxes he had laid, in the main had not been paid. His excise duties did not prove a success. His income-tax was far from realizing expectations. His main stay was paper money—a sword which was sure to pierce the hand which leaned on it. Truly it will be good fortune if they who drew that sword do not perish by it. At length he had announced that five hundred million dollars a year, which he deemed a trifle, must be raised from the pockets of the people. "If," he said, "the war were closed in 1865, the whole debt now and to be incurred would be paid off in ten years. Let us have loans and taxes and increase the pay of the soldiers. With the dash of a general who never fails, we must anticipate crushing results to the enemy; and with military success we shall be victorious over all ills." Here was a Treasurer as spendthrift of money as the Lieutenant General was of men. With such fiscal ability in the Cabinet and Grant's "attrition" in the field the cause of the South was not quite hopeless. By the husbandry of her own men and means she might still hold out.

In 1864 six per cent. gold-bearing bonds brought only fifty per cent. in gold. "We will put forth one more effort," said Thaddeus Stevens, "to lift our sinking credit by the hair of its head from the sea of bankruptcy."

At the opening of this campaign the Southern prospect was sufficiently cheering to men accustomed to peril. The two great armies of attack were opposed in the East and the West by armies of defence, both determined to dispute, and one not unable to become an army of offence and even of invasion. In Louisiana, on the 8th of April, Banks had been defeated and stampeded at Mansfield by General Taylor. There followed a second encounter between the same Generals on the 9th, wherein the Northern papers claimed a victory, which, they said, "was marred by an order from Banks to retreat." This order, if it was given, was so excessively complied with as to result in a flight in which the wounded were abandoned. About the same time General Forrest made repeated and successful attacks upon the posts of the enemy on the Mississippi. With no ordinary feeling, I make this passing allusion to one who can never hear it. To-night resolutions are read to you in commemoration of his life and services. The bold rider is down; the swift sabre is quenched. The grey uniform which in life he covered with honor now covers the trooper in his grave also with honor. He lies, as it were, wrapt in his own valor. In the east, General Hoke, who had been detached from General Lee's army for the purpose, had captured the town of Plymouth in North Carolina, and a Confederate ram had sunk three iron-clads in Roanoke Sound. In addition, a new line of supplies had been opened just as all the old ones were closing. The New Orleans custom-house drove a traffic in "permits," under which goods were conveyed at a cost of about one-third the invoice of the goods, into the Confederate lines. Ordinarily the worst charge you can bring against an officer of government is to say that he cooperates with those who make money by jobbing in the public funds. In a most pernicious way he gives aid and comfort to the enemy." But this New Orleans business heaped coals of fire on his head with the face which "good men wear who have done a virtuous action."

But though such gleams of advantage—to longing minds, which clung at gleams as drowning men at straws—did brighten the

sky, the sky was not a bright one. Dr. Mahan, in his *History of the War*, states that "according to official records more than two million six hundred thousand men entered the Union armies during the progress of the war," and that "upwards of one million men were mustered out of service at the close of the war." Considering the fact that "the number of the white population of the eleven States which entered into the Rebellion was, according to the census, less than three million males," his computation is that, out of such a population, not more than six hundred thousand men could have been drawn from first to last, and that such a population could not have equipped and kept in the field an effective force of more than two hundred thousand; nor does he forget that it was only in the early part of the war that men or provisions could be counted on from Tennessee and Arkansas; and not even then from West Virginia. "Undeniably," he says, "the Union armies outnumbered those of the Confederacy, in all cases as two, commonly as three, and during the entire period that General Grant was our Commander-in-Chief, as four to one." The report of Secretary Stanton shows that on May 1st, 1864, the aggregate military force of all arms in the service of the United States numbered nine hundred and seventy thousand seven hundred and ten men, and that on May 1, 1864, there was an available force present for duty of six hundred and sixty two thousand three hundred and forty-five, and that of these, there were on that day under Grant one hundred and forty-one thousand one hundred and sixty officers and men; in the neighboring departments of Washington, Virginia, North Carolina, West Virginia, and the middle department at Baltimore, an additional force of 137,672 men, which Grant could draw upon for his operations in Virginia. In the meantime the draft was enforced, volunteering stimulated by high bounties, and in the Northwest hundred days' troops ordered out to relieve the troops on garrison and local duty and send them to the front. Orders were given for the movement of all the armies not later than the fourth of May. Grant's thousands struck their tents on the night of the third.

Lee's letters on the threshold of this campaign are the letters of one in straits. On the 8th of March we find him writing to Longstreet, then in East Tennessee, that it is simply impossible for him to recruit the command of the latter without stripping all others:

and if horses could be obtained for Longstreet, where is forage to come from? There is none to be had nearer than Georgia. It cannot be furnished by the railroad. No, the best thing were for Longstreet and Johnston to make a combined movement into Middle Tennessee, where forage and provisions can be had, cut the armies at Chattanooga and Knoxville in two, draw them from these points, and strike at them in succession as opportunity offers. Again and again Lee returns to this.

But if this is not practicable, then every preparation should be made to meet the approaching storm which will burst upon Virginia. Accumulate supplies at Richmond, or at points convenient, as fast as possible. Notify Beauregard of the transfer of troops from Charleston and Fortress Monroe. We shall have to glean troops from every quarter. All pleasure travel (think of it at such a time) should cease; everything be devoted to necessary wants. Reinforce Johnston from Polk, Mobile, and Beauregard. Tell Longstreet to come to me; throw his corps rapidly into the Valley, to counteract any movement of the enemy in that quarter, and be where he can unite with me, or I with him, as circumstances require. "Forward Hoke's command," he writes Pickett, "the enemy will advance as soon as the roads will permit." Imboden and Breckinridge, in the Valley, must be prepared to cross the Blue Ridge at a moment's notice.

We know how Breckinridge did afterwards, like the young and old lion, sweep the valley, and then bound over the mountains, to the side of Lee, his true place. On April 12th Lee writes to the President: "My anxiety on the subject of provisions is so great that I cannot refrain from expressing it to your Excellency." On the 15th he would draw Longstreet and Pickett to him, and "move right against the enemy on the Rappahannock. * * * But to make this move I must have provisions and forage. I am not yet able to call to me the cavalry or artillery." On the 22d Longstreet has reached Cobham from East Tennessee. On the 29th he writes: "I shall be too weak to oppose Meade's army without Hoke's and Johnston's brigades." On the 30th scouts report that Meade's pontoon trains have advanced south of the Rappahannock. One other little sentence has a touch of pathos in the sheer simplicity with which it joins events. "The grass is springing now," Lee wrote on the 28th of April, "and I am drawing the cavalry and artillery near to me."

In this correspondence, thus hastily glanced at, is given the outline of an army's urgency: the wide compass of its watch at the instant the enemy had couched his spear: the need to decide quickly and surely upon different lines of operations and probabilities of attack: to concentrate in an instant upon the decisive points of a theatre of war: to fall with the whole weight of a smaller army upon fractions of a larger one wherever they were exposed, which, to be done with the destructiveness of lightning, had to be done with the rapidity as well. A good general will always say to his troops, as Napoleon did: "I would rather gain victory at the expense of your legs than at the price of your blood." Here was an army, whose transportation alarmingly prognosticated the spavined state, which had to make up in velocity what it wanted in weight.

Horace Walpole tells one of his funny stories of a General of the Duke of Marlborough, at a dinner with the Lord Mayor. An imposing, keenly-speculative alderman, who sat next to the General, addressed him with "Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession." "O, no," replied the General, "we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves." But this absurdity came near to being the fact of a fight now approaching, ushered in in May and ushered out in April following. Our season of rest, our long hybernation was over, leaving us anything but replenished. General Heth has stated, in a late communication to the *Philadelphia Weekly Times*, that at this period (in 1861), "the ration of a general officer was double that of a private, and so meagre was that double supply, that frequently to appease my hunger I robbed my horse."
* * * * * What must have been the condition of the private?"—a problem vastly pleasanter to propound now than to solve then.

But on the 28th of April the grass was springing. Nature was recruiting. She too must be pressed into the ranks. Her ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, sweet as ever, were announcing then, that the seed-corn of a people was ripe for the harvest of death, where men were to fall like grain. Her robe of increase was to be our martial cloak. In that fair springtime man seemed to say to nature: "Thou must increase, but I must decrease; a material world become more and more in this new era, the higher and nobler less and less." The notes and shapes of spring had

come again; the birds were blithe as ever in the branches; the skies were bending with old-time kindness overhead; the blue hills of Virginia, to the slopes of which her army stretched, stood in their rampart strong and beautiful as ever. Spring, fresh-tinted, was glittering once more where, so tragically, all that glittered was not gold. Nature was preaching peace and peaceful increase on the Rapidan, as elsewhere, when there was no peace there in the throat of war. And so General Lee drew the cavalry and artillery near to him, since the grass was springing, on the 28th of April.

Mr. Swinton has stated—no doubt with his habitual fidelity to the means of information in his reach—that “Lee’s army, at this time, numbered 52,626 men of all arms”—a statement derived from the monthly returns of the Army of Northern Virginia, now in the Archive Office at Washington. General Early is satisfied that General Lee’s army did not exceed 50,000 effective men of all arms. General Lee has himself stated (page 268 of *Personal Reminiscences*) that the number of effective men under his command on May 4th, 1864, of all arms, was between forty-five and fifty thousand. His right, under Ewell, extended to the mouth of Mine Run; the left, under Hill, to Liberty Mills. Two divisions of Longstreet were encamped in the rear near Gordonsville. The other division, under Pickett, which had not accompanied the corps commander to the West, had been and continued to be retained near Richmond. The brigade of Hoke was absent. That of R. D. Johnston arrived just in time to take part in the fight of the second day.

This army had now to deal with a General who proposed to meet the danger of defeat in detail by the altogether simple expedient of having more troops everywhere than the Confederates had anywhere, a plan so simple, that the moment a man of genius mentioned it, every other must have felt mortified at not having thought of it himself, and whose generalship was, in his own sober second thought, composed after the event, “to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission,” &c. Not a bad way, perhaps the only way, to conquer freemen, this of “wearing them out by attrition,” this of dashing superior numbers in wave after wave upon freedom’s living wall, until the last foe has been slain, and

the dashing troops can hear no sound "save their own dashings." If in no other way it can be done, then in this one way it must be done, until there be "nothing left to him." Grant certainly was of this opinion, for when his lieutenant suggested to him that he might supplement the programme with a little manœuvring, he replied, "I never manœuvre."

Credit must be given Grant for his turn for keeping his own counsel. He did not succeed in preventing his plans from crossing to General Lee the moment they were known definitely to himself, but he did succeed, as none of his predecessors had done, in keeping them from his own army correspondents. It was not until long after this that Wendell Phillips said of him: "As in the case of another animal, we took him for a lion until we heard his voice." A valuable faculty this of reticence. He who is incapable of this is incapable of everything. He who has it, though he has nothing else, is capable of something. One of the very ablest things Grant ever did was for some years to lock his jaws over his tongue. The frothy effervescence which has no other use for the events of life than to gossip of them, ignorant how to profit by them, having no faith in the sway of a potency which has not been well advertised and so properly appreciated; to which, therefore, nothing in the breast is too deep, nothing too sacred for publication, but the whole of life to shine in reports, epigrams, and good society, making commonplace plausible by tropes—this, there is every reason to believe, is a legion of the carpet-knight variety, as such more formidable in the parlor than the field; save when United States bayonets turn it into the carpet-bag variety, whose cuckoo-spit has the force of law, the poppy-eake which has exuded from incisions in a Commonwealth. Loquacity does not fight battles, still less does it win them. To the thin vapidty of skin-depth, glibness is almost a necessity. The signs are, latterly, that Grant's silence is but skin-deep; which again, in his case, is no ordinary thickness. Frederick the Great said that if his night-cap knew what was in his head, he would throw it into the fire. Grant, doubtless, had less difficulty in keeping his night-cap from being surprised. Many a time, in the campaign "on that line if it took all the summer," which by several lines was conducted to the following spring, he must have felt himself in the condition of Napoleon, when he wrote to his brother

Joseph: "You will so manage that the Spaniards will not suspect the course I intend to pursue. This will not be difficult, for I have not fixed upon it myself." The whole hammering and attrition stratagem of massing so many troops that before the enemy could kill them all he would be killed himself, with which Grant is now known to have advanced from Culpeper Courthouse, enjoys the advantage of having been definitely proclaimed for the first time on the 22d of July, 1865, when, on no other rational hypothesis, could Grant's series of repulses be wrought into a consistent scheme of victory. This is far the most infallible way both to prepare and to predict. In his military life Grant was a reserved, silent man, and deservedly owed much to that.

With such a masterpiece of strategy to relieve his brain of, after some hesitation as to whether he would cross the Rapidan above Lee's left or below his right, the Lieutenant-General decided on the latter, which he believed would force Lee back to Richmond. As late as the 2d of May Field's division of Longstreet's corps had been ordered to the north of Gordonsville, to meet an expected advance of the enemy by way of Liberty Mills. One may easily speculate as to what might have been the result to that "Grand Army," if it had dared to try a flank, which for once would have separated it from gun-boats and navigable rivers. But, more judiciously, Germanna Ford, which was some ten or twelve miles below our right, was seized on the night of the 3d of May, and under starlight of the 1th Grant moved for the lower fords.

The reorganized Army of the Potomac consisted of the Second, Fifth, and Sixth corps, under Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick, respectively, who reported immediately to General Meade. Each corps consisted of four divisions. The cavalry, numbering over ten thousand sabres, had been placed under Sheridan. The Ninth corps, under Burnside, reported immediately to Grant, and also comprised four divisions.

Under the soft light of the stars, bright glancing from the arms of a host countless as the stars, the Grand Army is launched into the night. Deep in the sands of the Rapidan is the heavy tramp of two columns, as the sands form number. Ah! in that deep night into which they march what dreams may come! into that deep silence what a roar burst! and those heavenly fires, soft-glancing now in the great deep, like light-house lamps, be the last bright thing which many a shipwrecked man shall see!

Burnside's orders were to hold Culpeper Courthouse for twenty-four hours, and then follow the other corps. The morning of the 5th found Grant with a hundred thousand men across the Rapidan, and nearer to Richmond than Lee, on the direct road from Germanna Ford.

Meade's orders for May 5th, 1864, were for Sheridan to move with Gregg's and Torbert's divisions against the Confederate cavalry, in the direction of Hamilton's Crossing; Wilson, with the Third cavalry division, to move at 5 A. M. to Crug's Meeting-House, on the Catharpin Road; Hancock, at the same hour, to take up his line of march for Shady Grove Church (on the Catharpin), and extend his right towards the Fifth corps, at Parker's Store; Warren is simultaneously to head for this same Parker's Store, on the Plank Road, and extend his right towards the Sixth corps at Old Wilderness Tavern. To the last-mentioned point Sedgwick is to move so soon as the road is clear. Shady Grove Church is two miles east of a road which connects the Catharpin with the Plank Road at Parker's Store. After first throwing out Griffin's division to the west on the Turnpike to protect Sedgwick, who was to come up after him on the morning of the 5th, Warren pointed his van in conformity to orders. But as Crawford, whose division was leading, approached the Store, he met the cavalry retreating before a hostile column which was pressing down the Plank Road. In the meantime Griffin reported a Confederate force on the Turnpike. This was about 8 o'clock in the morning. Grant and Meade were riding and pleasantly chatting with their staff officers, on the road to Old Wilderness Tavern, when a message to this effect was received. An hour later Meade was saying to Warren: "The enemy have left a division to fool us here, while they concentrate and prepare a position towards the North Anna; and what I want is to prevent those fellows from getting back to Mine Run." Meade had been there once before "with those fellows," and knew how it was. Orders were, therefore, given to Warren "to brush away or capture the force in his front." But Warren had stumbled on some other game than a fox which had taken to the cover. Lee had fallen back in the wrong direction. He had retreated north. Moreover, he was not "fooling." His broad-shouldered dead-lift intended the opposite. He meant a strain "from spur to plume." He was rushing, fast as spavined transportation could carry him,

to seize his antagonist by the throat; and the hand, which was raised to brush him away, fell shattered.

Most children have hung with delight over that wonderful shrewdness of William Wallace, who, when he was on one side of the river Forth, and the Earl of Warren on the other, dared the latter to cross; and who, when the Warren of that day, contrary to his own judgment, was pushed into doing so by Cressingham the Treasurer, coolly waited until one-half of the English had crossed the bridge, and then, charging with his whole army, routed the Earl. But in modern times, with or without bridges, rivers are no insuperable barrier. The Danube was the beast of burden on which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Turk penetrated to Vienna; but it has not saved him from invasions since. It is navigable as far as Ulm, and along its navigable length varies in width from seven hundred and sixty to upwards of two thousand yards, and so varies in depth in the course of twenty-four hours as to baffle the pilots of its steamers. But at Wagram, between the hours of 3 and 6 in the morning, Napoleon crossed from the southern to the northern bank with an army of 150,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, and 600 pieces of artillery, while the Archduke Charles was furiously (as he supposed) repulsing him above. The modern invader has a portable bridge, which he can throw down, at whatever point of crossing he may choose, and then, by concentrating a sufficient weight of metal at that point, can render it impossible to dispute effectively his passage. Accordingly, at the First Battle of Fredericksburg, and afterwards, General Lee chose rather to select positions, with a view to resist the advance of the enemy, than incur the loss which would attend an attempt to prevent his crossing.

On May 31 it was known that the Northern army was about to abandon its winter quarters and move as it did. Orders were issued that day to the troops to be prepared with three days' cooked rations (which a special Providence gave them to prepare), and Grant had hardly begun to march before Lee began his countermarch. Signal fires blazing southward from Clarke's Mountain beat the wardrum of that long roll, not in sound, but in light. The scene survives with especial vividness in my memory, because the battery of which I was a member, and which during the winter had been on picket, suddenly marched out and halted on the

side of the road, greeted in succession the hurrying commands while waiting for its own to arrive. It was an army of comrades which was marching there, where each command had familiar faces for each other. Playmates of boyhood, schoolmates of peace, host and guest of other days, recognized one another, and brothers and old friends shook hands once more to shake hands no more on earth. We were marching that morning to fight for freedom and society. To fight on the side of the true cause of mankind we were marching there: against the rage of untried speculation; against invasion to subvert the frame and order of a commonwealth, by the corruption of the lower with the spoliation of the higher; against invasion, which was none the less vindictive that it named itself friendship for the human race. We were the few against the many, and we knew it as we marched that morning—happy that we, too, were to be seen in honor's ranks—"we few, we happy few, we band of brothers." The cheer which rang out, the historic rebel cheer, was no longer the cheer of sanguine invincibility which echoed for the last time on the slopes of Cemetery Hill, but something which went deeper—a yell of defiance from men who had cause to fear, and for themselves defied the worst.

Leaving Early's division and Ramseur's brigade to watch the fords of the Rapidan, Ewell, whose corps consisted of Early, Johnson, and Rodes (in all 11,000 men, Early says), crossed Mine Run, moving on the Orange and Fredericksburg Turnpike, and camped on the afternoon of the 4th at Locust Grove, about five miles west of Old Wilderness Tavern. At 8 o'clock in the morning Grant was counting that the orders which had been given would carry his army clear across the Wilderness by the evening of the 5th. At that very instant, Lee's left hand was feeling through the jungle for the collar of his adversary, while his right was lifted to deal his heaviest blow. Heth and Wilcox moved down the Plank Road and bivouacked the evening of the 4th, Heth at Mine Run and Wilcox at Vidlersville. These two divisions numbered at the utmost fourteen thousand men. Anderson's division of Hill's corps was left at Orange Courthouse to protect our trains and secure our rear, with instructions, as soon as it was ascertained there would be no movement on the part of the enemy in the direction of the Courthouse, to join the corps. Longstreet marching from Gordonsville, was put in motion on a road which led into the Catharpin.

On the 16th of April, Lee had written to General Bragg, "The brigades in motion with General Longstreet will amount to about 9,000 men." The head of Ewell's column had advanced rather more than half the distance from Locust Grove to Old Wilderness Tavern, and was just in advance of the point where a road diverges to the Germanna Ford road, when the enemy, in heavy force, was encountered. It was Warren and his brush. On the side of Ewell, Jones' brigade of Johnson's division and Battle's brigade of Rodes' division received the attack of these troops, and were driven back in confusion by it. The Second Virginia brigade was broken and Jones himself killed in endeavoring to rally it—"the gallant J. M. Jones," as General Lee called him in his dispatch—who, together with his aide, Lieutenant Early, preferred death to retreat in that supreme emergency. The brigade had been placed on the crest of a gentle slope, its right resting on the Turnpike; Battle supported it on the right—both swept away. This was Ewell's van, all that had come up, which was faring thus badly.

Of the five brigades composing Rodes' division—Battle's, Doles', Ramseur's, Daniel's, and R. D. Johnston's—the latter had been sent to Hanover Junction, some time before, to prevent a cavalry raid, and was still absent. Ramseur had been on picket at Morton's Ford, and had not yet rejoined his command. Battle had just given way; but the brigades of Daniel and Doles immediately formed, and dashed with such vigor on the enemy, as to arrest and for the moment stagger him, with an unexpected blow. Ewell, riding back to hurry up his troops, one-legged as he was, fairly rose in his stirrups as he met Gordon riding ahead on his black charger, and knew that Early, the stout old Roman, was behind. "The fate of the army depends on you, General Gordon," he said. Gordon is said to have replied, "We will save the day," or words to that effect; but, what is of more importance, in acts to that effect he did give such a reply. Filing to the left in the pine thicket, he halted, fronted, and led a counter charge, which, in conjunction with Daniel and Doles, broke through the enemy's advancing line, and Gordon swept to the rear. The fight was thus proceeding when Ramseur came up, and the right being extended by Gordon and himself, an advance was made and Warren was forced back at all points. Ayres' brigade of regulars, on the right of Griffin, (who had formed across the turnpike) was driven

back by our left, carrying Bartlett's brigade with it, and leaving two guns which had been advanced on the turnpike to take advantage of the first success. Wadsworth, in moving to the left of Griffin, instead of taking a course due west from the Lacy House, which would have brought him on the prolongation of Griffin's line, started facing northwest, so that when he came up, his line of battle faced the turnpike almost at right angles to Ewell's, which came square upon Wadsworth's flank with a destructive fire, throwing it back in confusion. McCandless' brigade of Crawford's division, which was to the left of Wadsworth, was surrounded and driven from the field with the loss of two whole regiments. Warren had designed that the left of the Sixth corps should sustain his own right. But the woods in their jungle fought against Warren.

Our extreme left, occupied by the Stonewall brigade, was at one time overlapped by the enemy. The personal gallantry and skill of Colonel W. W. Randolph, of the Second Virginia regiment, seconding the conspicuous efforts of the brigade commander (Gen. Walker), prevented disaster here. Later in the day the tall form of Randolph and all the courage it contained was laid low. Gen. Stafford, of the Louisiana brigade, was also killed. After the enemy had been repulsed Hays' brigade, and still later Pegram's, was sent by Early to Johnson's left. The latter, just before night, sustained and repulsed a heavy attack, in which Pegram received a wound which must have been severe, since for some months it detained that officer from the field. At the close of the day Ewell's corps had captured over a thousand prisoners, besides inflicting on the enemy very heavy losses in killed and wounded, and capturing two pieces of artillery. Gordon occupied the position he had gained on the right till after dark, when he was withdrawn to the extreme left. Early's division, comprising, in the absence of Hoke, the brigades of Gordon, Hays, and Pegram, was now on the left of the road diverging from the Turnpike, in extension of Johnson's line. Rodes occupied the ground he had won, his left resting on the Turnpike in contact with Johnson, and his right in the air, A. P. Hill being at some unknown distance. To no human being could such a condition be more distasteful than to Rodes, who personally one of the bravest and coolest of men, had a proper horror of exposing his flanks. How far from comfortable, then,

to find himself on the rim of Lee's left, without the smallest information as to whether the right rested on land or sea! It is time, then, that A. P. Hill should be either present or accounted for. Never was there a day, his last only excepted, when he had greater need to "prepare for action"!

Early in the morning of the 5th A. P. Hill's two divisions had resumed their march, Heth leading. They soon encountered the enemy's skirmishers—dismounted cavalry. A regiment was deployed on either side of the road, and heavy skirmishing continued until a point was reached on the Plank Road, about half a mile west of where it crosses the Brock Road at right angles, at which the enemy refused to be driven any farther by our skirmish line. At this point Heth deployed his division, as it came up, in line of battle—three brigades, to the right, one to the left, of the Plank Road and perpendicular to it. Could Lee interpose the head of his column between Hancock and the remainder of Grant's army, while Longstreet, moving on the Catharpin, has something to say to Hancock! But it was not to be in any part. Spavined transportation had missed the junction of the two roads by half a mile, and Hancock had hastily returned by the Brock Road, instead of marching forward on the Catharpin and hearing from Longstreet, as was our preference.

Hancock, whose four divisions (commanded by Barlow, Gibbon, Birney, and Mott) numbered, at lowest calculation, twenty-seven thousand men, bivouacked at Chancellorsville, as we have seen. On the morning of the 5th he had advanced about two miles beyond Todd's Tavern, when, at 9 A. M., he received a dispatch from Meade to halt, as the enemy were in some force on the Wilderness Turnpike. Two hours later, he was directed to move his command up on the Brock Road, to its intersection with the Orange Plank Road. Hancock rode ahead, found Getty's command in line of battle on the Brock Road, his left resting near the junction. At 2 P. M. Birney joined Getty, and formed on his left in two lines of battle. Mott and Gibbon came up rapidly, and took their position on Birney's left, in the same formation. Barlow, with the exception of Frank's brigade, which was stationed at the junction of the Brock Road and the road leading to the Catharpin furnaces, held the left of the line, and was thrown forward on some high, clear ground in front of the Brock Road. Hancock directed all the

artillery of his command, with the exception of Dorr's Maine battery and one section of Ricketts, to be placed in position. Dorr's battery was placed in position in the second line of battle, near the left of Mott, and the section of Ricketts was sent to Getty on the Plank Road. Immediately upon going into position, the division commanders were directed to erect breastworks, which they did. The second line of battle threw up breastworks in rear of the first, and subsequently a third line was constructed in rear of the Third and Fourth divisions. At 2:30 P. M. Hancock received a dispatch from the chief of staff of the army telling him, that a portion of A. P. Hill's corps was moving down the Plank Road, had driven back the cavalry from Parker's, and directing him to unite with Getty in driving back A. P. Hill beyond that point; then to occupy it and unite with Warren's left, which was said to extend from the right to within one and a half miles of the Plank Road in the vicinity of the store. Between 3 and 4 o'clock he was ordered to attack with Getty's command, supporting the advance with his whole corps. At 4:15 P. M. Getty moved forward, and at once became hotly engaged. Finding that Getty had met the enemy in force, the divisions of Birney and Mott immediately moved forward on his right and left. At 4:30 P. M. Carroll's brigade of Gibbon's division advanced to the support of Getty's right. A few minutes later Owen's brigade of Gibbon's division, and still later the Irish brigade and the fourth brigade of Barlow's division went into action and attacked vigorously. The section of Ricketts' battery on the Plank Road was captured and recaptured.

The advances and attacks just narrated, not having been transacted in the depths of the forest merely for scenic effect, it will be surmised, did not alight quite like a spent ball on our own troops. About half-past three o'clock, or a little later, Lee had sent an officer of his staff (Colonel Marshall) to Heth with this message: "Gen. Lee directs me to say, that it is very important for him to have possession of the Brock Road, and wishes you to take that position, provided you can do so without bringing on a general engagement." Heth replied, in effect, that the only way to find out, whether it would or would not bring on a general engagement, was to make the attempt to take the position, which he would make if desired. Before a reply could be received he was himself attacked with great fury. We had not thrown up the usual

impromptu breastworks; we were in a body of woods, studded thick with heavy undergrowth. The enemy was, for the first time, fully disclosed, when within about ninety yards. He was driven back. So soon as the first attacking column could be cleared away, a second column advanced to share the fate of the first. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth advanced. These assaults were well prepared and well delivered. They were not victorious, but no one can say they were ineffectual. Between valor in blue and valor in rags I wish to make no invidious discrimination. The equal fierceness of brave men was looked in those lonely shadows. The issue had come to this simple one: who can stand most killing? On one side of such an issue, Heth, with not quite seven thousand muskets, held at bay for nearly two hours, Hancock and Getty, Hancock alone having twenty-seven thousand muskets, and supporting the attack with his whole corps, I say Heth. It should be Heth and his brigade commanders—his brigade commanders and the men they commanded—all welded into one fierce sword, whose handle rested in Heth's grasp, and whose temper it may well be his pride to have matched with his own. The brigade commanders were Colonel J. M. Stone, Brigadier-General John R. Cook, Brigadier-General H. H. Walker, and Brigadier-General W. W. Kirkland. The names of the men they commanded I cannot give you.

When the head of Hill's column had been brought to a halt, and there was reason to believe that a strong force was in his front, which a strong skirmish line could no longer drive, Lee naturally felt uneasiness, at the separation of the two corps of his army, and the uncertainty of the distance separating them. He, therefore, ordered Wilcox, who came up after Heth, to move through the woods towards the Old Turnpike and open communication with Ewell. Wilcox, after advancing through the forest nearly half a mile, came to a field of about that width, and at a house several hundred yards in front saw a small party of the enemy. Thirty or forty were captured, several officers among the number. From this house was a good view of the Old Wilderness Tavern, and the enemy could be seen distinctly near it. This fact was reported to General Lee. Leaving two of his brigades (McGowan's and Scales') in the woods near the field, and reporting this also, Wilcox pressed forward in search of Ewell's right. Having crossed Wilderness Run and reached

the woods beyond, in a field to the right and front, the right of Gordon's brigade, the extreme right of Ewell's corps was found. Wilcox rode up to Gordon, but had barely spoken to him, when a volley of musketry was heard in the woods, into which his brigades had entered but a few minutes before. Riding rapidly to the woods, he was met by a courier from General Lee, with orders to return at once to the Plank Road, in consequence of the attack on Heth by the enemy, believed to be in great force. The brigades were recalled at once, and brought back with them some three hundred prisoners. While recrossing the open field the enemy were seen again, this time moving towards the Plank Road in the direction of the musketry, then raging furiously. McGowan's brigade had already been ordered into the fight. Scales was in the act of moving forward to take position on the right of the road, where the firing was heaviest. The great interval was now left to take care of itself.

A Missouri newspaper asserts that hogs are so fat in Missouri, that, in order to find out where their heads are, it is necessary to make them squeal, and then judge by the sound. Heads and fronts of offending were judged of by similar methods that afternoon. It was a battle in a tangled chaparral of scrub oaks and chinquapins. Only at short distances the troops engaged could be seen. The rattle of musketry was the message as to where the struggle was severest and the reinforcing brigades most needed. Thus guided, the third brigade of Wilcox (Thomas') went in on the left of the road to take position on Heth's left. Thomas reported the enemy in Heth's rear, became engaged at once, and fought in line parallel with the road. Nelson, in the Bay of Aboukir, told his sea giants, that if, in the foaming wrestle of sea monsters and ocean gods, in which they were about to grapple, any should be troubled with misgivings as to the precise orders of the day, he would find an easy way out of his embarrassment, by simply closing with an enemy's ship—a sea-god's order, which applies to all sea fights before and since; to land fights also; to life itself indeed, whose great order for every day is to close with the enemy's ship, and sink it, if such a thing can be done. It was the one order which stood any chance of fulfillment in the blind foam and wrestle of the Wilderness. Brigade after brigade was led into its depths with but one sure knowledge—to resist the enemy, whether he was in

front, whether he was on the flank, whether he was in the rear, and to keep on resisting. Right royally, with a monarch's disdain, as of a monarch on a burning, sinking throne, the sun went down upon their wrath, in the vapors of that 5th of May. His rich handfuls of crimson and gold fell among the vapors. For he went down red; a warrior breathing his last, and shaming the foe ere he expire with the grand scorn of a splendid eye. And many a warrior went down with him. The South was one day to go down like him. Placid, stately clouds played upon and lit up with noble, beautiful expression, sailed tranquilly over, making the face of things, like the great face of a strong mind, beneath which great passions are raging. Just at nightfall the enemy made a supreme effort to crush our right. Scales' brigade was bent back almost at right angles to the line. To hold Scales in place Hill must send for his last brigade. His chief of staff, Colonel Palmer, finds this on the point of going in under Wilcox, further to the left, where, undoubtedly, it was needed. But promptly it is now brought to the extreme right, where it is more needed. The musketry unloosed by this brigade as it went in reverberated through the woods as if it might be the ordnance of a fresh "Grand Army." As Colonel Palmer was returning to the road, after the brigade was well under fire, he met Stuart and Colonel Venable sitting on their horses. One of them exclaimed: "It might well only come!" "It is Lane's brigade going in," said Colonel Palmer; "I feel assured the right will be held until night," and Colonel Venable rode off to say as much to the Commanding General.

All this time the interval between Ewell and Hill had been left to take care of itself, which it managed to do with marked ability. There was Grant's—there, at least, was a general's—opportunity. Detachment after detachment of the enemy came through that interval. One body suddenly emerges about two hundred yards from where Lee, Stuart, and Hill are dismounted and lying down. If they will but come on swiftly, the General of the army, the General of the corps, and the General of the cavalry are their prisoners. The officer in command, it turns out, is as much amazed as the officers he has surprised; chooses rather to be swift in the opposite direction, and as the Confederate generals jump up and mount in hot haste, gives the command "right about," and disappears in the timber. It was only necessary to do in force and by direction

what was done by accident and in detachment, and the Confederate line would have been hopelessly cut in two. It was such an opportunity as this which Napoleon seized on the plains of Olmutz, when Soult, at the head of the French right wing, rushed forward upon the interval between the Austro-Russian centre and left, and, intersecting their line, severed the left wing entirely from the centre. The Sun of Austerlitz burned on his glowing axle as that was done. On the 5th of May there was spread before Grant a centre of vacancy for nearly two miles, through which he might have bounded with the ease of a circus actor through a paper hoop, but he did not try the leap. Just as Lane's brigade went in, the enemy came through this interval once more. We had no reserves, no forlorn hope left. The whole army was the forlorn hope. The Fifth Alabama battalion, the provost guard of Hill's corps, then guarding prisoners, and numbering about a hundred men, was all that was available to meet this emergency. With a thin line they held whatever was in front of them.

Night came at last. To battle as to other things it does come. To the stiffened sinew, to the galled shoulder, to the bleeding feet and beating heart, it comes. But it did not come till after eight o'clock on that 5th of May. When night put an end to the long strain the two divisions on our right sank down exhausted. Where they fought there they sank down. And well they might lie down to the warrior's sleep, upon the warrior's bed. Brave men had marched against them, strong men been driven back. From the beginning of the war to the end, no more stubborn fight was made, against a force so well directed and overwhelming, than this which Heth and Wilcox made. Forty thousand men under Hancock had been launched against them and resisted, not without fearful inroads on their own line, if line it could now be called. The right and left were bent almost at right angles to the front, while the front was at every imaginable angle. The troops of the enemy going for water would walk into our lines and our men into theirs. Brigades and regiments crossed each other. Some brigades of Heth's division were on the right, some on the left of the Plank Road. Some presented a flank to the enemy, others a front. The alternate charges and repulses of a battle in the night, and that night in the Wilderness, had so confused them.

Hill was elated, and justly so. Two divisions had withstood the repeated attacks of a large part of Grant's army. Longstreet's

corps and Anderson's division were marching to take the place of the two divisions before daylight.

Just back of Heth's line on the left of the Plank Road was an open field, some seventy five acres in extent, and running from east to west, perhaps, five hundred yards. In this field Hill had directed guns of Poague's and McIntosh's battalions to be put in battery. As the pieces were going into position Colonel Palmer said: "If Heth is driven a short distance these pieces will be captured, as there are no roads by which they can be withdrawn." Hill replied: "If the line should be driven the pieces may be captured." It was a part of this artillery which served rapidly the next morning, under Hill's direction, swept the road, and gave time for Longstreet to form. Only two pieces, in the main road, had been used on the 5th.

A few sticks kindled near the gun nearest the road marked the headquarters of the corps. Thither very speedily Heth came to report the position and condition of the troops and to ask permission for Wilcox and himself to fall back in order to rectify their lines, since the proximity of the opposing army prevented a forward movement for that purpose. As the divisions were situated, at the order to fire they were exposed to the danger of firing into each other. "A thin skirmish line," said Heth, "can whip them as they are." But Hill said: "No, I will not have the men disturbed. Let them rest as they are. It is not intended they shall fight to-morrow. Longstreet is now at Mine Run. General Lee has ordered him to move at 12 o'clock to-night. He has only eight miles to march. He will be here long before day. He will form in line back of you and Wilcox. Your divisions will fall back through Longstreet's." Wilcox went to Lee himself to represent the condition of his command. Lee no sooner saw him than he said: "A note has been received from Anderson saying he will bivouac at Vidlersville to-night, but I have ordered him forward. He and Longstreet will both be up and in position before or by daylight, when you will be relieved." Under this impression Wilcox returned without having asked permission to withdraw. "Let the men rest for the night," Hill had said. The wearied, hard fought men; the much indented Heth-Wilcox sword, backed and gashed with its own hard hewing, and bent back now to the very hilt with hard blows given and received. Hill did not believe it practicable, in the disorder in which the

action had left the troops, to reform his line in the woods and serve ammunition before daylight.

V.

On the 5th the word had been, "If night will only come!" On the 6th it was, "If morning will only stay!" Longstreet must be there, or defeat will be there. You remember how the lull between the bloody work of one day and the approximation of another is a thing of asperity. The stars glance down with keen, in adversity it seems, a bitter brightness. Voices of the night, the loves of happy, the pulse of tender creatures, fall like a mockery of the impending storm. The kindness of the dews becomes unkind to the soldier turning on the pillow of his bended arm.

Early in the morning, Ewell rode over (probably had been sent for) to see Lee. The latter was seated on an army blanket spread on the ground, and in this primitive fashion held his divan. Some disturbance breaking out at a distance to the left, Lieutenant Burwell, who accompanied Ewell, is sent to find out what it is. On the return of the latter, he discovers that, in riding rapidly through the woods, he has lost his saddle blanket, and bestirs himself to pick up some substitute therefor. The instant the action caught the eye of Lee, he sprang up, and offered the blanket on which he had been sitting, which, however, was respectfully declined. "The inborn courtesy of the man, which no preoccupation of mind could make him forget for a moment, and the simple-hearted kindness of the action," writes my correspondent, "made a very deep impression on me, and I have never forgotten the scene. The ability to maintain the dignity, while putting aside all the pomp and circumstance of a position, seems to me to be passing away with the older school of Virginia gentlemen. This, however, I have always remarked in General Lee's character as written, and as shown the few times I was in his presence."

It is a scene which deserves to make a deep impression on the country of Lee, and never to be forgotten. I give this picture of the early morn. as a ray of light fallen in the darkness: the peep of

a chivalric day shining in the manner of its captain—the thoughtful, courteous grace of a commanding mind. No foe too mighty for his prowess, no back too humble for his pity. The galled shoulder shall have his own blanket, if there be no other—the wide, capacious breast, filling with sympathy for the humblest sorrow, even when in act to shoulder himself the galling weight of war, with “the blanket of the dark,” his one blanket; that now worn quite threadbare. The true knight is here. “No preoccupation of mind” suffers it to be obscure. The dark ground and night are a foil for its beauty. Let prosperity seize one by nature “bound in shallows,” and bearing him on a tide “taken at the flood,” clothe him in purple, throne him in empire, place a sceptre of absolute dominion in his hand, and still baseness will show by the familiarity of its approach, how little that satrap is king of men. On the other hand, take Robert E. Lee, strip him of house and home, dress him in the soldier’s weather-beaten rag, seat him on a fence-rail or the ground, and the ambassadors of the mightiest king will do homage in his presence. Could we but once more have such a mirror of the South! What if this “little touch of Harry in the night” define our own unworthiness?

Early on the morning of the 6th, Burnside’s Ninth corps arrived on the field. This included the divisions of Stevenson, Potter, Wilcox, and Ferrero; the Provisional brigade under Colonel Marshall; the reserve artillery and the artillery of the several divisions; but in the Wilderness the greater part of the artillery was no real addition. Stevenson and Ferrero were ordered to report to Hancock and Sedgwick respectively. With his remaining troops Burnside moved in between Warren and Hancock and made his dispositions to seize Parker’s Store. By dawn of the 6th the enemy’s line of battle, facing westward, ran north and south, without a gap, for about five miles.

The methods by which a strong force is brought into the field are, in importance, second only to the conduct of it when there. Let no one dream that natural magic and inspiration of the moment are equal to such achievement. On one side, what organization, what disposition can do, is now done. The mighty columns of the Grand Army have moved into the places appointed for them. “Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one.” “The last reason of kings” is in place to give judgment. If

the conclusion follow regularly from the premises, if the argument do not jump clear off from the premises, like Seward's letter in the Mason and Slidell matter, victory is the ultimatum. Yet in this trial-fire of war, holding a future hell-fire of reconstruction, what contingencies are still in doubt, some one of which may make the final judgment swerve! In every voyage of life, wherever the sail be spread, there is but a plank, and that the narrowest, between preservation and destruction. The event of time mathematically adjusts itself, on an even keel, to the great deep of eternity, which holds it, as in the hollow of a hand; a hand which will close a fist of iron on the first open seam, which, improvident of pitch and oakum, springs a leak. Between Samson's strength and Samson's weakness is but the difference of a hair. For the present, on one side, the miracle, which organization and discipline perform, has been wrought. The sword of a hundred thousand is in the hand of one. The monster fang which the wand of society evokes, when the game is an empire's neck, has uncoiled its huge length in continuous battle front, whose units of length are miles. By dawn!

Some of you have been, no doubt, on one of our Southwestern bayous, or some similar spot, where the first notification of day, in that darkest hour which precedes the dawn, was the hull of the wolf's long howl; in place of which there came as herald of breaking day, the trill of every songster in the woods, like the different and successive notes of some musical instrument; the sparrow's twitter, the thrush's warble, the mocking-bird's wild lute; and jay-bird and cat-bird, and hawk and heron, the ducks and the shrill cranes, the garrulous squirrels and the meek doves mixed their concords and their discords in a hymn to sunrise—and far above the song of the songster, the scream of the screamer, and the flight of the high-flyer, the silent wing of the solitary eagle, a music in itself. Yet all this Sabbath-song and sight is the outward mask of universal and ceaseless, death-dealing strife. The battle of night, between deer and wolf has ended, and the battle of day between bird and fish and worm has begun. The proverbially early bird has quit his nap betimes. The little fish are making fountain jets in the air, in their terrified leap from the big ones. This is nature waking up. Or if it has been your lot to walk into some great city as day was breaking, you have noted as the first sign of waking,

the day-laborers leaving the town to work in the country, or the country to work in the town, the hucksters and the first choppings of the butcher stalls, then the earliest rumblings of carriages and street cars, the waking flutter by candle-light in the humbler tenements, followed by the appearances of the servants at the doors of the greater ones, and in between the waking of the shanty and the mansion, the steaming up of foundry and factory, like the snort of some great animal; then the throwing open of window-blinds, the parade of shop-windows, the bustle of traffic, the whirl and tumult of an eager, hurrying multitude. You have watched a great city, like a mighty leviathan turn and toss itself on its couch, slowly hurl its huge limbs out of bed, and finally yawn, and stretch, and shake its eyes wide open. You have seen civilization wake up, the peaceful, thriving scene. But again the peaceful picturesqueness is the outward mask, nay the outward expression of interminable strife. Civilized man has not ceased to say to his brother, "My life or thine." Ever mortal is the listed space, unseen but not unrealized to-day, wherein one strength says to another, "With my body against yours, will I make good my challenge." Still is every coigne of vantage warred for and against with sleepless enmity. He who holds his own does so with a continual stroke. The imapt, the inert, the dissolute must serve the wary and active, or be slain and consumed. As the vinedresser says to the wood, whose strength he means to throw into his main clusters, "You dare to wear the purple, you shall not bear a leaf," so another seythe with as sharp a blade. Civilization changes the coarseness, but not the rancor of the strife. Our great civilizers are our great destroyers, prove their fitness to survive, by being fittest to destroy. Tamerlane's pyramid of skulls has undergone evolution, like other things, but the principle of it has proved no such function in excess as to become extinct by natural selection.

The strength of the nineteenth century is the strength of science, trained method, logical forecast of events, more vivid combination of details, and more intrepid grasp of the future, powers to discern and powers of adjustment to far-off correspondences of time and space. More and more strength reveals itself as certain calculation, clear, orderly arrangement, iron logic of deduction. The man of business is clearer, and because clearer more decided, resolute than others. Others take shelter under him as formerly under the

warrior's hand of mail. Lands and tenements, translated by his shrewd sagacity, as by the magician's wand, float to him from others who have not his gifts. Ransom of steeds and armor won in the encounter of arms, the encounter of wits, he bears off on the point of a sharper sense. When riches take to themselves wings, he is there to pursue. Swift, penetrating common sense sits on his strength, like falcon on the arm. Is some object of desire started, like lightning he flies his hawk at the game, to bring it down. Is resistance made, stout fight, which requites scorn for scorn and beak for beak? With the falcon glare and grip, the stronger talon rips out the heart of a foe. Nineteenth-century victories are business victories, won less in the day of actual fight than in the day of training. The battle is the preparation for it, with all the sciences, economies, disciplined intensity and virtue of a people. The rank and file which rushes to the charge is the seal and measure of what has been done, as on commencement day prizes are bestowed, not for the present but the past. He who has trained, equipped himself the best, who has most purged himself from all weak or dark infirmity, untenable, unsound, ungoverned ways, all charlatanism and sham, then fronts his adversary, with knowledge, discretion, sound, uncorrupt manhood, the cool head, the steady hand, he is fittest to survive. With quiet collected strength, he compels the agencies of land and sea to be his servants. Steamship and railway, all the engineering, all the deviltry of commerce bend obediently to him, grow pliant as soft wax under his pressure. Even the winds and the waves obey him. As we grasp one handle to hew another, he, the true Briareus, stands at the end of a long line of levers and thermo-electric multipliers, and, with clear common sense for fulcrum, hundred-handed moves a world.

Of the form of this modern world and the fashion of its strength, science is the glass and the mould, holding the mirror up to the meridian lines, which Nature has drawn for a world. Nature's adjutant calls the roll of Nature's "Invincibles," with unsheathed sword, calls attention to that "Old Guard" of Nature which neither dies nor surrenders; about which society forms in hollow-square, or kicking against which by sheer persistence of force, society is impaled and eliminated. Pitiless, appalling, almost beautiful with that beauty which Milton says, has terror in it—as bright, deadly

steel, flashing in the sun is beautiful—this wide remorseless warfare, wherein difficult victory is the price of all existence. Brute animal life is compelled to discriminate, to find and keep the environment which is safe for it, wise for it, or else cease to exist. The wild animal cannot wear a Joseph's coat of many colors as the tame one does. Prudence, and the vigilance of adversaries seeking whom they may devour, forbid this. The partridge must be like the straw which hides the partridge, the brown and yellow autumn straw. Partridges of another color are quickly discovered and destroyed. At last this becomes the only color, the sole banner partridges can fight under. Or strength in the form of a lion falls on fleetness in the shape of the antelope. Starvation behind, speed like that of a bird in front! Only the strongest lions, the swiftest antelopes live. Animal life clothes itself with the element it lives in, takes traits from that, becomes that. And must not man too find the banner he can fight under, which is the same as the banner he is ready to die under? For him too must not the greatest victories be gained by not exclusively safe paths; "amid the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood," not where the baggage trains are guarded?

Onward sweeps force, stern, avenging, having mercy on whom it will have mercy, suffering only fitness to survive—the multitudinous, majestic, all-enveloping force of a universe, on-sweeping, divinely fair, divinely terrible!

With Nature to be weak, is not to be miserable alone, it is to be criminal. The penal statutes go unrepealed on Nature's statute book. Alphonse Karr said, in discussing the abolition of capital punishment, "*Messieurs les assassins, commencez les premiers.*" Nature says the same. For the highest there is ceaseless tension and toil; no height of character attained without much difficult, much painful breathing. Look into the faces of the saints who have lived, of the martyrs who have bled for mankind, of the artists who have wrought to express, the heroes who have fought to maintain the truth, see how they are written over with the lofty silence and battle-pain of life! Ah, yes! they have broken their bitter fast on the bread and wine of sorrow, the food of the immortals, the cup which Gods have given, and Godlike men have quaffed. The clouds which close around them are made their chariots of fire, and the portion of life, sworn foe to cant, is still—

the cross! What should fervent soundness be, but ratsbane to the sweet tooth of a trimmer?

But that here in this dark wood such a storm of rifles, making the earth quake, should hang in the air, ready to be touched off by the first light of a May morning! As it were, "the erroneous wood of this life" and "the dark battle of them who see not beyond it"! To the hillsides and winding gullies, where the woodsman's axe has rarely or never rung, and only the huntsman's hounds waked the echoes, order has come at last—the order of battle! Elsewhere, at this hour, the farmer is winding his horn from open window. The plow-boy is gearing up his team, and soon the slices will roll over from the mould-board, and new furrows be shining in the peaceful glebe. And the sower goes forth to sow, hoping (in such times, against hope) to reap in turn. The kine are lowing. It is the legendary hour, when the pretty milkmaid, hiding her blushes in her pail, with fresh sunlight in her eye, hears from her lover "the old, old story." Not often witnessed in our land, at this early hour, I believe, but at other hours very often witnessed—the soft, rosy flush of daybreak and young wonder, life's rosy aurora, drawn about young life. And wherever in our land such life waked that morning, it breathed a prayer for some friend, or brother, or more than brother, in the Wilderness. There "busy hammers" have been "closing rivets up." The sergeants are now roused, and are shaking up their detachments. In an instant, a breath "like a stream of brimstone," will kindle "the fiery, flying serpent," and loud death-blast. But for the instant there is stillness—"the torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below"! On the very brink scarce a ripple to be seen, and then, the pit of Hell!

Burnside is up, we have seen. Longstreet and Anderson are not up.

Lee had gone into the fight, having on the ground not more than twenty-eight thousand muskets, all told. With this small force (diminished by the losses of the day before), and with the view of diverting the blow about to descend, from the point where he was least prepared for it, he himself renews the fight on Ewell's front, striking Grant on his right flank (Seymour's brigade), and involving the whole of two divisions (Rickett's and Wright's). In vain, however. The anticipated blow descends according to orders ("attack along the whole line at five o'clock") a few minutes later.

On the 4th Longstreet was advised by the Commanding-General that the enemy appeared to be moving towards Stevensburg. In conformity with orders, Longstreet gets his men upon their legs about four o'clock in the afternoon, and marches to Brock's Bridge, on the border of Orange county, bringing Kershaw over some fourteen miles, from Gordonsville, and Field some sixteen, from Liberty Mills. On the morning of the 5th he resumes his march, and goes into camp that evening near Richards' Shop, on the Catharpin Road, twelve miles from his point of starting, and six or seven miles, by a road through the woods, from Parker's Store. During the latter part of this day's march, Rosser was skirmishing in front with his brigade of cavalry.

During the night Hancock was informed that his right would be relieved by General Wadsworth, of the Fifth corps, and two divisions of the Ninth corps, under Burnside, and cautioned to keep a sharp lookout on his left. Before five A. M. he received word that Longstreet was moving on the Catharpin Road to fall upon his left, and Barlow's division was placed in position to receive him at the point it was supposed he would advance. But, whatever had been Lee's first intentions for Longstreet on the Catharpin, at 12:30 A. M. on the 6th, the latter general, by Lee's orders, started for Parker's Store. Arriving there about dawn, he was directed to press on at once to relieve Heth and Wilcox. He had some two miles still to march. A Confederate line hopelessly outnumbered and outflanked desperately awaited him.

A little before daybreak, fearing he would be attacked before he could be relieved, Wilcox ordered the pioneers to fell trees to make an abattis, but the pioneers were fired on and could not continue. He looked up; the tops of the trees had caught the morning red. Then he sat watching the east, as the veins of day throbbled across the morning. Heth, too, "agitated by an anxiety such as he never felt before or afterwards," finally determined to lay matters before Lee; searched for him two hours in vain; then walked up and down in rear of his troops until he fancied he saw day breaking, when, ordering his horse, he went at full speed down the road—but no Longstreet! In despair he returned to his troops. Day had fairly broken.

No one slept that night at Hill's headquarters. Before day the horses were saddled. As day broke, and nothing was heard of

Longstreet, the suspense was insupportable. All knew the two divisions would give way, if attacked, and all knew they would be attacked. Leaving his chief of staff beside the smouldering sticks, where the night had been spent, Hill, with the rest of his staff, rode to the left beyond the guns. He was hardly out of view when Longstreet galloped on the field, but to the questions which were quickly put to him, he replied, "My troops are not yet up. I have ridden ahead to find out the situation." As he spoke his voice was drowned in the roar of musketry.

Believing resistance to be futile in such formation as he had, Heth ordered his brigade commanders to take his men to the rear as fast as possible. In effect, the men were ordered to run, and the signs are they obeyed, with all the means which God and nature had put into their feet. If they did not severally show a clean pair of heels, it is partly to be ascribed to the fact, that the same were not there to be shown. For a while it looked, as if we were about to prevail over the enemy, as our ancestors beat the British at Bladensburg—"in the long run."

The circle of attack soon closed around Wilcox. Beginning on his right, in a few minutes it was raging all along his front and on both flanks. "It was only a question of time," says Wilcox, "how long my men could hold their ground. At length the men were seen giving way, but not in disorder." Wilcox rode rapidly to Lee, not three hundred and fifty yards from the troops then engaged. Lee said to him, "Longstreet must be here; go bring him up." Dashing to the road to see if he was in sight, Wilcox met the head of Kershaw's division. This he directed to file to the right of the road and form line as quickly as possible, for fear his own men might be forced back upon Kershaw before he could get into position; which is what did very speedily happen. Our whole line was coming back like a wave. There were at this time two batteries on the left of the road. General Hill rode along the line of these guns, directing them how to fire, which they were compelled to do, while some of our own men were in the path of their projectiles. It was said of the Turks, in the Crimean war, that a wise instinct taught them, that, if there was one thing which ought not to be left to fate or to the precepts of a deceased prophet, it was the artillery.

The language of Longstreet's official report is: "Kershaw's division was in the lead. Arriving in the rear of the line held by these two divisions (Heth and Wilcox) the head of my column filed to the right, and had only time to deploy two regiments of Kershaw's old brigade, when an advance was made by the whole line of the enemy, and the divisions of Heth and Wilcox broke and retreated in some confusion." Hancock is justified in saying: "The enemy's line was broken at all points and he was driven in confusion through the forest;" but he is inaccurate when he adds, "for about one and a half miles."

With steadiness, opening their ranks to let the retreating troops through, Kershaw's division formed line of battle on the right, each brigade forming separately under fire, in a dense thicket, which rendered it impossible to see either the character or numbers of the foe they were to resist.

Hennegan was thrown on the right, and the Second South Carolina regiment deployed and pushed forward on the left of the road. Almost immediately the enemy was upon them. Hennegan having passed sufficiently to the right to admit of the deployment of General Humphreys to his left, this formation was made in good order under the fire of the enemy, who had so far penetrated between Hennegan and the road, as to almost entlade the Second South Carolina and the batteries holding the left. Humphreys was pushed forward as soon as he got into position, and Bryan's brigade coming up, was ordered into position to Hennegan's right.

The two batteries on the left of the road had opened at the critical instant of the day. Their fire had the desired effect of checking the enemy momentarily. That moment was decisive. Longstreet, arriving so late, but so opportunely, had time to form. General Lee now appeared on the left leading Hood's old brigade. Longstreet had just filed two brigades in rear of the guns, and riding slowly along their front, as they came into line, had cautioned them to keep cool, and gave them his own example. As the Texas brigade moved through the guns, General Lee rode on their flank, and raising his hat, saluted them as old friends who had too long been parted, and said aloud, he would lead them himself. To him the Army of Northern Virginia is "as a steed that knows his rider." The fine eye of Lee must often have glistened

with something better than a conqueror's pride, whenever he recalled the cry, with which that veteran rank and file sent him to the rear, and themselves to the front. The name of that warlike man, who stepped out from the ranks to seize the bridle of Traveller, and force him and his rider back from the battle shower, I cannot give you. A tall, gaunt figure, clad in rags, and the light-beams of a beautiful heroic splendor, rises before us for an instant, and then perishes out of view, as the truly great are wont to perish—their very names forgotten, or known only to God; their deeds and the fruit of them imperishable. Lee was stopped: he and his horse reined in, while the men cried, "We will go forward, but you must go back." So said, so acted these Texas men, loving a higher than themselves better than themselves, this their last feeling. It was a fine old gladiatorial, *morituri te salutamus*, only finer in that it was freer, for altars and for hearths, not for a Roman holiday. They flung their caps into the air, and, with a shout which was their stern farewell, swept onward. Their front was to the east as they took their last gaze of this earth. Sunrise was shining in their faces as their own sun set. The smile of that May morning kissed their faces as they fell. The rising sun was their winding-sheet. Savages, I am told, these Texans were. There was nothing savage in their chivalry.

Longstreet's first order to Field was to form line of battle on the right, perpendicular to the road. Field thereupon threw Anderson's brigade, which was leading, in line to the right. But before it could be followed up by the others, a second order came to form in the quickest order possible, and charge with any front. Throwing Gregg's Texas brigade on the left of the road, as has been stated, and Benning behind Gregg, and Laws behind Benning, and Jenkins behind Laws, Field slipped the leash. He had but to point to the enemy. The Texas brigade dashed forward as soon as it was formed, without waiting for the brigades in the rear. Ignorant of what was in front of them, the view being obstructed by a slight rise and some scattered pines, the enemy came on.

At the instant there was nothing there to oppose him but Gregg's Texans, less than five hundred strong. Flanked on both sides, these struck him a staggering blow full in the face, these forced him back—but with a loss of two-thirds of their own number killed and wounded in ten minutes. Later in the campaign,

and after some recruiting had taken place, Secretary Reagan went out from Richmond to visit the brigade, and reported that it averaged two and two-fifths wounds to a man. Some companies were entirely obliterated. One company for months had on duty but a single man, a lieutenant—all the rest killed or wounded at the Wilderness! Onward sped the Texas whirlwind, till it whirled itself into a thing of shreds and tatters: hanging together at the last, like the limbs of a body, adhering by the skin, after the bone has been crushed. They closed up their ranks over their comrades as they fell, till there was no longer a rank or a comrade to close. No laurelled Six Hundred ever charged more nobly than these Five Hundred. Glorious is it, and glorified ever, when a Winkelried gathers the indomitable spears into his arms, and says to liberty at his back, "Forward over me!"—ransoms an army by his own immolation! Even so these Texans made their bosoms a sheath for the thunderbolt. They buried defeat on the field, under a mound of their own corpses. They stepped to the graves of martyrs with the grace of courtiers. They had but an instant to think and to act, and they made it one of imperishable beauty. The long track of light, which followed in the wake of their valor, they did not, could not see. Their Wilderness was then: their promised land eternity. Art will depict a scene which no art can exaggerate. Their greatest picture lives on a canvas of reality, woven in blood, and flame, and "battle splendor"—immortal there, as heroism only is. Band of Immortals! in your "iron sleep" take our proud and sad good-bye.

The Texas brigade met and overcame the first shock at this point. It was followed by Benning's Georgia brigade with "signally cheering results." Field mentions in his report, in achieving which Benning was wounded and the brigade much cut up. Laws' brigade, Colonel Perry followed, but the enemy was so far checked that the losses in this brigade were not so heavy. Jenkins could be formed, and for a time held in reserve. Perrin's brigade of Anderson's division, just arrived on the field, went in on the right of Laws. The enemy's progress had been stopped, and he had been driven back on the left by the Texas, Georgia, and Alabama brigades. On the right, urged forward by Longstreet and unable to further extend his line with the brigade of Wofford, then marching as rear-guard to the wagon-train, Kershaw placed

himself at the head of his three brigades, and led in person a charge which retired somewhat the confident North. A pause ensued, wherein Hancock, in great force, stood still, owing, it is explained, to the disintegration of his line in advancing through the thickets; commendatory to the fighting quality of Virginia brush, which, like Birnam wood, it seems, can cast a warlike shadow, and meddle in assault and battery. At 7 A. M. Hancock sends fresh orders to press on, but it was not until two hours later (owing, he thinks, to the apprehended approach of Longstreet on his left) that with half of Grant's army well in hand, he attacked with all his power. The struggle for life or death which follows strains every sinew, yet is without permanent advantage to either side. The same ground was fought over in succession by both. About 9:15 A. M. Hancock received a dispatch telling him "to attack simultaneously with Burnside." Hancock being at that instant simultaneously attacked himself, on the right and left of the Plank Road, exhibits very unmistakably his view, that the person who most needed to be simultaneous was Burnside. Half an hour later Hancock received a dispatch that Cutler's brigade of the Fifth corps had fallen back considerably disorganized. Hancock must take measures to check this movement of the enemy, as Meade has no troops to spare; and two brigades of Birney are sent, who connect with Warren's left. The firing again died away, and there was a lull all along the line until about noon. Hancock had advanced, met Longstreet, fought, accomplished nothing.

Thrown suddenly, while still marching by the flank, into the presence of an advancing foe, Longstreet laid hold on two batteries of artillery, as an athlete might seize a horizontal bar, and wheel his whole body to a level. Blucher might have been proud of the tenacious hand which was laid on the trunnions of those guns, and Macdonald's column never tore a bloodier wreath.

Heth and Wilcox had been moved to the left, to fill up the interval between Longstreet and Ewell, and protect Longstreet's left; with the exception of a part of Davis' brigade of Heth's division under Colonel Stone, of Mississippi, which fought all the rest of the day with Longstreet's forces. Colonel Stone was complimented on the field by General Hill. General Lee sent two telegrams in respect to these divisions. The first on the 5th: "Heth and Wilcox have repulsed the repeated and desperate assaults on the

Plank Road." The second on the 6th: "Heth and Wilcox, in the act of being relieved, were attacked and thrown into some confusion." The statement in Hancock's report, Appleton's Cycopædia and elsewhere, that "Hill was driven back one and a half miles," is of course inaccurate. The two batteries, whose fire at the critical moment had helped to check the enemy, were some three hundred yards (say four hundred) from where the fight began. The enemy never reached those guns. There is nothing which so touches me, as the defeat or eclipse of the truly brave. Their sorrow, or their shame, is of a noble sort. From first to last these two divisions had the hardest task. It was theirs, in that lonely Wilderness, to hold at bay an army, and an army under Hancock, until their own could come up; and then on the morrow, through no fault of their own, see another snatch the laurel from their brow. They had to do more than show courage in difficulty—that they did on the 5th. They had to do more than show courage in disaster—that Longstreet did on the 6th. They had to bring order out of their own confusion, recover the embits of their stature out of their humiliation. They had to form though they had been broken, and advance where they had fled. From first to last, theirs was intrinsically the hardest task. The greatest thing need not be the most famous, nor that which is cheered or cheers itself the most. In war as elsewhere, magnanimity does not consist in never being thrown. Its grand quality—all the more so, that the loud cheering is not for it but against it—is the heart to rally under defeat.

Anderson's brigades, arriving after Longstreet, and after the sharpest of the attack was over, were successively sent off by him, where they were most needed, until he had but one left, Mahone's. An examination of the enemy's position now led to a movement which came near to being glorious with complete success. The brigades of Mahone, Anderson, and Wofford, of which Mahone as senior brigadier was in command, were moved beyond the enemy's left, with orders to attack him on his left and in rear. The enemy, who was now, at intervals only, bearing down upon our line, was at the same moment to be attacked in front. The long-expected flank movement came at last, and when it was least desired. The troops in front moved down on both sides of the road, and started the enemy back, at first slowly, until the effect of the flank move-

ment was felt, when he broke in confusion, leaving his dead and wounded thick upon the field. "They came yelling like so many infuriated devils," writes the correspondent of the *New York World*. Could Lee have spared a larger force from his front, say from Heth and Wilcox; repeated the audacity of Chancellorsville! Again and again by just such venture he achieved his double gains. His greatest victories were won under a blade suspended by a hair. So it is with victory. To know how to dare everything at the right place and moment is one of its secrets. If once more it may be done! See what three brigades are doing, co-operating with others in front! They fall on Hancock's left, crushing Frank's brigade, sweeping away Mott's division. Hancock's left is forced back. He endeavors to retain the advanced position, held by his right on the Plank Road, but cannot do so. He rallies on the original line from which he advanced. We are rolling him up like a scroll. The Plank Road is ours. We are victorious. We are marching to further victory. Wadsworth gives way in front, himself struck down. The Alabama brigade sweep over him. Grant's army totters. Already repulsed, it is now threatened with destruction. In such a moment, Longstreet "fell, bleeding like an ox." It was another such moment, when Joseph E. Johnston fell at Seven Pines; another such, when our star of chivalry, the Sidney of Shiloh (bright image of him of Zutphen) falling from his horse, threw the pallor of his death on his victory, as it rolled over him in the dust.

In concert with the attack of the infantry on front and flank, two guns of McIntosh's battalion were pushed down the road, firing as they went. Longstreet had stopped for an instant, at the suggestion of General Lee, to direct the removal of some logs which impeded the guns, and then, accompanied by Brigadier-General Jenkins and staff, continued down the road. Hancock was now back on the Brock Road holding his last position. Dispositions were made for a further attack upon the position on the Brock Road. Kershaw was to break the line and push it to the right of the road towards Fredericksburg, while Jenkins should march by the flank down the road, beyond our main line of battle and of skirmishers, and then deploy and sweep the Brock Road. Kershaw was riding with Jenkins, at the head of the brigade of the latter, when two or three shots were fired on the left of the

road, and immediately afterwards a volley was poured into the head of the column from the woods on the right, occupied by Mahone's brigade. By this fire Longstreet was dangerously wounded, and Jenkins killed. The fall of these two generals, the one who was in command of the movement on the flank, and the corps commander, who had hardly finished giving his orders, it may be, had not completely given them, must account for the confusion and panic which ensued, and the necessity which was felt for straightening out the line before going on. This consumed time, which Hancock improved to reform his broken columns.

Hancock's account of this transaction is very simple. The Confederates advanced upon Frank's brigade, which, "having been long engaged in the earlier part of the day, had exhausted its ammunition, and was compelled to retire before the enemy, whose attack was made with great vehemence. This was Longstreet's attack. Passing over Frank's brigade, they struck the left of Meade's Division, which, in turn, was forced back. Some confusion resulting among the troops of that division, I endeavored to restore order and to reform my line of battle along the Orange Plank Road from its extreme advance to its junction with the Brook Road, by throwing back my left, in order to hold my advanced position on that road, and on its right; but was unable to effect this, owing to the partial disorganization of the troops, which was now attributed to their having been engaged for many hours in a dense forest under a heavy and murderous musketry fire, when their organization was partly lost. General Birney, who was in command of that portion of the line, thought it advisable to withdraw the troops from the woods, where it was almost impossible to adjust our lines, and to reform them in the breastworks along the Brook Road, on our original line of battle." Making allowances for certain pardonable euphemisms, the true face of the matter is seen to be as heretofore stated. Mr. Swinton writes:

"It seemed, indeed, that irretrievable disaster was upon us; but in the very torrent and tempest of the attack it suddenly ceased, and all was still. . . . And again. . . . But in the very fury and tempest of the Confederate onset, the advance was of a sudden stayed by a cause at the moment unknown. This afterwards proved to have been the fall of the head of the attack."

General Lee now came in person to the front, and ordered Kershaw to take position with his right resting on the road-bed of the Orange and Fredericksburg railroad, and told Field to straighten his line—Field and Kershaw being perpendicular to the Plank Road, and the turning force parallel with it, to which fact was due the casualty which had just happened. With the exception of Wofford's brigade, Kershaw was engaged no more that day. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before the next advance was made. Hancock is now too strong behind his works to be successfully driven from them. He is greatly shaken in them, however, and greatly demoralized behind them, to an extent which shows how near we were to victory four hours earlier, when the blindest accident pulled down the head of the attack; nay, how narrowly we grazed it this second time, after the lapse of hours had given leave to fortify behind breastworks; which, but for the fall of the two generals, would not have been granted. There was nothing else but to drive from a strong line, by main force, an enemy prepared now against manœuvre and surprise. A Russian proverb says, "Measure ten times, you can cut only once." Precious as his army was, Lee might well have hesitated to assault a position so defended and defensible, after his chief lieutenant had been borne from the field. It was a time to look about him well, to look before and after, with a provident, reflecting eye, to see surely what might be expected of great daring. In the fourth year of the war, it was not lawful to dare too much. Lee looked before he would dare this leap for his adversary's wall. How, being in, he bore himself, the opposer is aware. Hancock's report being once more at hand, I will let that speak for me.

"At 4:15 P. M., the enemy advanced against my line in force." After half an hour had passed, some of the troops began to waver, and finally a portion of Mott's division and Ward's brigade of Birney's division, in the first line, gave way, retiring in disorder towards Chancellorsville. My staff and other officers made great exertions to rally these men, and many of them were returned to the line of battle, but a portion of them could not be collected until the action was over. As soon as the break occurred the enemy pushed forward, and some of them reached the breastworks and planted their flags thereon. * * * The confusion and disorganization among a portion of the troops of Mott's and Birney's

divisions, on this occasion, was greatly increased, if not originated, by the front line of breastworks having taken fire a short time before the enemy made his attack; the flames having been communicated to it from the forest in front (the battle-ground of the morning), which had been burning for some hours. The breastworks, on this portion of my line were constructed entirely of logs, and at the critical moment of the enemy's attack, were a mass of flames, which it was impossible at that time to subdue, the fire extending for many hundred paces right and left. The intense heat and the smoke which was driven by the wind directly into the faces of the men, prevented them on portions of the line from firing over the parapet, and at some points compelled them to abandon the line."

Hancock's position was a trying one. Suddenly the gloom of the dense wood was pierced with the fierce glare of conflagration. The torch was added to the sword. But if it is hard to stand firm behind a breastwork of fire, is it nothing to charge up to it and plant a flag upon it? Jenkins' South Carolina brigade, led by Bratton now, under a withering fire rush up to the works and into them, but it seems are not supported as they should have been, and Carroll, hurrying up, is too strong for them. Blackened with the smoke of gunpowder and other smoke, they fall back discomfited—save them who fall back dead—they flame-girt, the breastworks of the enemy, their funeral pyre.

The correspondent of the *World* wrote: "Mott's division fell back in confusion. Stevenson's division gave way confusedly, compelling the remainder of the left-centre to fall back some distance. Crawford's division suffered severely. One of its regiments, the Seventh Pennsylvania reserve, was captured almost in a body, and the enemy succeeded in reaching our breastworks. There was imminent danger of a general break, but General Hancock ordered Colonel Carroll's brigade to form at right angles with his line, and sweep the whole front of it, which resulted in complete repulse of the enemy. The first few moments we were staggered. Stragglers, for the first time, streamed to the rear in large numbers, choking the roads and causing a panic by their stampede, and the incoherent tales of frightful disaster. It was even reported at headquarters that the enemy had burst entirely through. * * Grant and Meade seated, their backs against the same tree, quietly listened to

the officer who brought the report, and consulted a moment in low tones. They but looked into each other's faces. At length Grant says, with laconic emphasis, "I don't believe it!"

In the interval between the two attacks of our right, Grant had observed to Mr. Swinton, as they sat "under the trees on the hill-side," "It has been my experience that though the Southerners fight desperately at first, yet when we hang on for a day or two we whip them awfully."

The great man was "sitting on the grass, smoking alternately a pipe and a cigar—calm, imperturbable, quietly awaiting events"—evidently intended as a picture of the moral sublime, this climax of a cigar! Ready for a pipe too, "equal to either fate," the calm, imperturbable one! the Son of Fortune "quietly awaiting events!" and able to speak with so much foresight and discrimination!

Conformably with this hillside-view of things, Grant sent word to Hancock to attack again at 6 o'clock in the evening. It was while the latter was making his dispositions to this end, that the Confederates had resumed the offensive. After they had fallen back a dispatch was received countermanding the order to attack at six. Grant did "hang on for a day or two," for a month or two, for many days and many months; and a "ragged edge" it was to him. Whether, on any one of those days, he did whip any number of rebels very awfully, or to himself very gloriously, is a question which should be reserved, perhaps, for some more dispassionate time. That day after day, and month after month, he failed to do so is apparent. The battle in this part of the field may be summed up by saying: Hancock broke our right in the morning. Longstreet drove him back, and broke his left in the evening—over the same ground. They did not reach our guns, and we did not reach the Brook Road.

"The rebels cannot endure another such day, and we can," was the word in "The Union Camp" as the sun went down on the 6th. "The Union Camp" was premature in this. "The rebels" were not worn out "by attrition" in one battle, or in two. They could endure many more such days. They could endure more than day.

On our right, a very heavy attack had been made in the morning, on Early's front. Persistent attacks revealed to Warren and Sedgwick, that the sacrifice of life in the effort to carry this front was useless. From sunrise to sunset the critical moments and conflicts

were on the right. But one most sad event on Ewell's line, it were a serious omission not to mention.

Early on the 6th Col. John Thompson Brown, with Lieutenant Angel of the Second Howitzers, at the time detached as adjutant, had ridden to the front with the hope of being able to place some artillery in position, but had only succeeded in finding place for a single section. In his eagerness to bring more guns to bear, at a point about one fourth of a mile to the right of the turnpike, Col. Brown attended by no one but Lieut. Angel, advanced some hundred and fifty yards in front of the Fifth Alabama regiment, and in doing so, came close to the enemy's skirmishers, who were concealed by the brown brush. In the midst of such reconnoitring, the silence was broken by a volley of musketry fired by the enemy's pickets, and Brown fell. A bullet had penetrated his forehead, killing him instantly. The beat of one of the warmest hearts, making a man's breast like a woman's, had ceased, and the bright outlook of a life, all aflame with generous and manly hopes, had fallen quenched. The sword presented to him by those Howitzers, who under his orders had fired the first, and over his memory did afterwards fire the last shot in the war, clung to him as he fell. He died with harness on his back, worthy his father's son.

Before daylight Gordon had discovered that his left overlapped the enemy's right, and by scouts and personal examination, he found that the enemy did not suspect his presence. He was therefore led to believe that he could destroy that portion of the Union army by a flank movement, and almost from the rising until the going down of the sun, he urged such a movement. It was the same military eye which on the 12th of May at Spotsylvania Courthouse, devised the means to relieve the salient of the crushing pressure of Grant's column. But owing to the report of our cavalry, that a column was threatening our left, and to the belief that Burnside's corps was in position, the dark on which the attack was suggested, Ewell and Eicher were averse in deeming it impolitic to do as Gordon proposed. But towards the close of the day these objections seemed no longer to count, and the movement was ordered.

About six o'clock Gordon moved out, and found the enemy, as he expected, totally unprepared. The first troops encountered were cavalry with their guns stacked, and fled precipitately. Brigade after brigade was broken to pieces before any formation could be

made. The woods were strewn with the enemy's dead and wounded. A number of prisoners were captured, among them Generals Seymour and Shaler. The Sixth Army Corps was broken and smitten with panic. Johnston's brigade (which had arrived that morning from Hanover Junction) was thrown in the rear of Gordon's, and subsequently Pegram's was moved to his assistance. The plan originally proposed by Gordon had been to move out one or two brigades, place them immediately on the enemy's flank, move rapidly down his lines, and, as we cleared the front of each of our brigades or divisions, to have these move out and join in the attack, so that we would have a constantly increasing force, attacking a constantly decreasing enemy, placed under the disadvantage of having constantly to change his front to meet the flank movement. How far results realized expectation may be learned from our old acquaintance, the correspondent of the *New York World*. This correspondent being blessed with an eye for the picturesque, writes as follows:

"The smoke of the battle built a grand canopy overhead, beneath which the grand army of freedom prepared to rest. Generals Grant and Meade had retired to their tents. Quiet reigned, but during the reign of quiet, the enemy was forging a thunderbolt. * * * The forged thunderbolt was sped by a master. A wild rebel yell away to the right. We knew they had massed and were charging. We waited for the volley with which we knew Sedgwick would meet the onset. We thought it was but a night attack to ascertain if we had changed our position. We were mistaken; it was more. They meant to break through, and they did. On Sedgwick's extreme right lay the Second brigade, Third division of his corps, under General Seymour, who had been assigned to it but two days before. The brigade is new to the Sixth corps, and is known as the Milroy brigade, connecting on the left of Seymour by Shaler's, and then Mills' brigade, the latter being a brigade of Getty's division that had not been sent to Hancock. These troops were at work entrenching when they were fallen upon. The enemy came down like a torrent, rolling and dashing in living waves, and flooding up against the whole Sixth corps. The main line stood like a rock; not so the extreme right. That flank was instantly and utterly turned. The rebel line was the longer, and surged around Seymour's brigade, tided over it and through

it, beat against Shaler's, and bore away his right regiments. All this done in less than ten minutes. Perhaps, Seymour's men, seeing their pickets running back, and hearing the shouts of the rebels, who had charged with all their chivalry, were smitten with a panic, and standing on no order of going, went at once, and, in an incredible short time, made their way through a mile and a half of woods to the Plank Road in the rear. They reported, in the frantic manner usual to stampeded men, the entire corps broken. Grant, as in Hancock's case, did not believe it. But when three of Sedgwick's staff rode into army headquarters separately and stated how they had ridden from Sedgwick's to keep Seymour's men to their work, and had been borne back by the panic, and had at last seen Sedgwick and Wright hard to the front, working like Trojans to hold the wavering line, the situation appeared more critical. * * The Sixth corps flag comes in. Where is the Sixth corps' chieftain? A dispatch received. John Sedgwick safe; Wright safe. The Sixth corps hold a strong line; only Seymour's and a part of Shaler's brigade have been broken. The enemy can do nothing more. The Sixth corps proper has not lost its pristine glory. Compelled to withdraw under orders, after the defection of its right, it is still invincible—is now and ever shall be. * * That General Grant can lay claim to a success over his adversary will be evident to the public, when it will learn in a day or two the ultimate object of the movement of our army, which will be realized, notwithstanding the desperate interference of the enemy." Gordon has ground for the assertion, "If the movement had been made in the morning, as I desired, it is not too much to say that we would have destroyed Grant's army." Not till daylight on the 7th, when the whole of Early's division, and a part of Johnson's were thrown forward, on Sedgwick's abandoned line, so as to occupy a part of his abandoned works, on the right of the road diverging to the Germanna Ford Road, and leaving in our rear his works on the left of that road—not till then, did we realize the full extent of our success. Twice that day another Chancellorsville was in our hands, and twice it dropped.

The *Telegraph* letter, dated Wilderness, May 7th, says: "Sedgwick's affair last night has in nowise disconcerted the plans of our leaders, depressed their hope, or impaired the efficiency of their men. It was but a disastrous episode." Meade's report has this:

Just before dark the enemy moved a considerable force around the right flank of the Sixth corps, held by Rickett's division, and in conjunction with a demonstration in front, succeeded in forcing the division back in some confusion, making prisoners of Generals Seymour and Shaler. This substantially ended the battle of the Wilderness." The London *Times* of May 25th, in allusion to the series of battles of which the Wilderness was the first, and before the details of the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse had been received, makes this assertion: "It would not be impossible to match the results of any one day's battle with stories from the Old World; but never, we should say, were five such battles compressed into six successive days." The *Times* is amused at the thought that the Americans are probably proud of their pre-eminence for slaughter. The loss of the Northern army on the 5th and 6th of May, in killed and wounded, and exclusive of prisoners, was 37,737—a list derived from the Surgeon-General's Office. Seeing that his cavalry and artillery are, with little exception, not included in the count, it is not too much to say, that Lee killed, or placed *hors du combat*, one of the enemy for every man he had engaged. Had the policy of wearing out by attrition been resorted to earlier, the South could have stood it longer than the North. The policy itself is not strictly original with our favored land. In their bellicient relations with the English, the Chinese announced themselves invincible, because they said, it was simply impossible for Great Britain to kill them off as rapidly as they were born. The policy over here was very near receiving the *coup de grace* at the very first throw; very near also to achieving more memorable results at the first throw. Had Longstreet been a few minutes later, Lee's army would, or, at least, should have been defeated. Had he been a few minutes earlier, or not been wounded, Grant would have been driven across the river, in the ignominious defeat of his predecessors. You know Landseer's picture of defiance. The Monarch of the Glen brought to bay, with his forefoot on the first hound, is grinding him in the sand—the beautiful head with the warrior horn and the victor glance, lifted in free, fearless fashion to the pack, which has paused to breathe, or, it may be, manœuvre. So stood Lee, on the evening of the sixth, after Death had thrown his long shadow behind the trees. To borrow the word of a French general, he had made Grant "swallow his sword up to

the hilt." Had not the dimensions of the throat been equal to three such swords, it had never breathed again. Grant had gained nothing and had lost heavily. When he turned to make for Spotsylvania Courthouse, though he had possession of the direct route, and had the start, he was again foiled, as he continued to be in every subsequent attempt to get between Lee's army and Richmond.

After the bloody exercise of the 12th of May, Grant discerned that he had need to be something more than the climax of a cigar, and forthwith enlarged his edge to the back of "all the summer"—which was immediately perceived to be as clear an instance of the moral sublime, as the original project of "hanging on for a day or two." For a day or two it seemed to him expedient to hang off. He says in his report, "The 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of May were consumed in manœuvring and awaiting reinforcements from Washington"—the General who never manœuvred!

When, on the first of April, 1865, the Confederate line at Petersburg "stretched until it broke," and nine days afterwards Lee surrendered his eight thousand muskets to the successful foe, the incessant jeopardy and vigil of eleven months, the marching and countermarching, days of danger and nights of wasting, want, exposure, exhaustion had done their work. Grant's bayonets, also, had done their work, yet not by simply "hanging on for a day or two," on this or any other line. Spring violets changed to summer roses, summer roses passed into the crimson yellow forest lilies, which sets its bow in the cloud of Indian summer. The passion flower wept and passed. The violet breath came over a second spring. Still Grant was hanging on his "day or two."

VI

The Ogeenoon at one time resembled that of one year earlier, when Hood's right was turned two miles above Chancellorsville, and three thousands landed upon a far stronger position, from which it might have been impossible to dislodge the enemy, had time been given him to recover from his first surprise, but when no time was given him. The bones of Jackson turned in their coffin, as the tramp

of armed men reverberated on the field of his splendor. It needs some modification of that old proverb, "The dead lion is more than the living dog." This man cannot be left out, in the enumeration of the forces fighting for us on the sixth. Dead he fought, nay, triumphed. Hancock's apprehensions of a flank movement on his left, all through the morning of the sixth, apprehensions, continually awakened and allayed, and "paralyzing a number of his best troops, who otherwise would have gone into action at a decisive point"—these were Jackson's deeds on this very ground surviving him. The memory of Jackson a year before was the sleeping lion, the stroke of whose paw was momentarily expected.

How all things are granted to the sincere and earnest nature has been ineffaceably stamped here. "He that runs may read." Here he whose life was the consecration of valor unto duty, hallowed the spot on which he fell, and made it, most truly, sacred soil; made the Wilderness his lion breast. For a man to manifest so much in the flesh, the Genius of the time had said, "I will seek him among the conventionally obscure; I will find him among the constitutionally weak. On him will I lay the weight of my hand, and then will I demand of him the fullness of his stature—a hand of hardship, which shall be like the weight above the arch, keeping it in place." And so he grew a firm, plain soldier, not to be twisted, and not to be thwarted. The world admires when the five talents make themselves ten, but the truly grand issue is the struggle of the solitary talent to repeat itself. In after days he became noted for his celerity, but it came of regularly accelerated motion originally slow. It was a swiftness born less of vivacity than of intensity. His wheel was a swoop as from an aerie in the majestic depths—a wing swimming upon depth, and a minatory beak like the eagle's. It is more clear henceforth, what is meant by the "race to the swift"—swiftness slowly gathered, launched from a divine depth, like lightning. Here was a deep, silent growth, ripening in stillness.

A Jackson, terribly in earnest, dwelt terribly alone very often. Let us well understand, and lay it to heart, that the visible universe frowns on such a man, that the world of appearance is in arms against him, till he end the conqueror of the world. "Find your advantage in a little latitude; only upon condition that you trim here, are derelict there, shall you succeed, with my permission," says the world. "Suppress this scruple," says one. "Do my dirty

work," says another. Of many phases in this man's life, could we see them, we should say "*Ecce in Deserto!*" Face to face with the tough fact of existence, on the one hand, and the guile of the plausible on the other, whose arch snare for the straitened is illusive haste, he learns that which is the beginning of all wisdom, the immortal difference between truth and lies. The field of deception, including self-deception, greatly the worst, perceptibly narrows. The sense of reality deepens in him, especially of the great unseen realities, on which he must forever lean, when he joins the weak things of the world to do fearless battle with the seeming strong. In common speech, we say of one farther-reaching, acuter than his fellows, "He sees through a mill-stone." Dim, material senses obstruct not his wider, profounder vision. What we call strength of mind portrays itself in this. The non-realizing sense of truth, of such truth as is avowed, and even believed to be believed, is the great source of disorder in this world. That "love of money is the root of all evil," in some cases, is not quite clear. There are so many evils, and so many roots. But that love of, or subjection to, appearances, the captivity of the sense to the flash of the present, the charming or the minatory immediate, lies at the bottom of all, is apt to be very clear; and this, it may be, is what the original means—money, visible value, visible power, "the guinea's stamp" to that effect, the "image and superscription" to that effect, the form of a fair instant, or of a frowning one. The glittering bait hangs full in sight. The reward of self-respect and self-sacrifice is invisible. With what firmness and decision Jackson made his choice, in the fullness of time, was thundered to the world. The shallow, mid-summer brook is thrown out of channel, by each recurring, trivial obstruction, and whichever way the wind blows, shivers into commotion and ululation. Jackson's life is borne forward, on the silent, strong life currents, wherein, after sore struggle, he is destined to become one of the world's strong swimmers. Well for Jackson, well for mankind, so in need of great examples! This or that sweet wish of the bosom, or brilliant seeming "Northwest passage to Enjoyment," was but an appearance thrown before an eager-hearted man to give him self-mastery. Long since it had "consumed away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment," and his example remains, a possession forever. The Northwest business, with its midnight sun, and fires of gem-work and gold kindled

therein, at last is anchored to an iceberg. Like the iceberg, it melts in the ray which causes it to glitter: a marigold, dying for the sun, and dying by it.

A great man's course, on his way to greatness, is well known to be the greatest of all ocean charts. In this case, a great sailor, having little or nothing of the autobiographic turn, has left scant record of his soundings on the coast, as well as subsequent log-board. He is fairly launched on the great deep, as a flag-ship of mankind and master of the storm, before his sailing quality receives due notice. Were it not for the steep wave he put behind, we would have no measure of his buffetings. As a revelation of the conscience of the South, by which the poor man of the South was actuated and pervaded, and as a testimony due to a cause, which begot such a man and his example, I hold up this man to you for this instant. I hold him up as an example, sorely needed at this time, of one whose strength was strengthened by misfortune, whose life was one long wrestle with adversity, a choice of difficulties at every step, and the pursuit of high aims over them; a life, therefore, which had to derive power from defeat, diligently note the cause of failure, and see that the same did not recur, often as it must recur before quite vanquished. I hold him up as one who learned, not with less hindrance than others, to curb his spirit within the iron links of the inexorable; who from the time of this first and greatest victory, after which other victories were easier, encountered life and life's imprisoning enchantments, with drawn sword, which he held to by the sign of the Cross; in which sign he conquered; under which a world of sorcery cowered; under which the world, Mephistopheles, and the Prince of Darkness cowered. I hold him up as one, who appears upon the scene seems to have been possible then, just as our Book of Judges, or, if you please, our age of the Scipios, was closing, and on the threshold of the present universal stew. In his time the forces were at work, which were to shift the golden into the inflated paper age, and put upon the boards, the book, or better, the bladder, of Railroad Kings, and ballot-stuffed sovereignty of the people. Against these he was to fight, and die fighting, for the present, it would seem, unprevailingly. Above all and as all in all, I hold him up, as a soldier of the truth, to his best ability to see it. Man is what he has been defined to be, a

religious animal in proportion as he strives to know the truth, and, as a sequence, to perform it. By right conduct founded on right views the healthy mind is satisfied, in no other way. Jackson's views of truth were circumscribed, as those of all men are, by limitations of time and circumstance; but he has this indubitable symptom of a healthy mind: that his use for beliefs was to translate them into practice, verify them in act; that for him faith was an act, a thing not so much to talk by, as to walk by; that he lived by his belief as he did by his daily bread. The high idea of a spiritual universe, overarching and overruling the material frame of things, as the eternal substance of which the latter is but the shadow cast in time — this veritable real presence in religion, without which all else is as dross, was for him a living, ever-present fact. The difference between men, the difference between minds, the difference between lives, is in this, "To be or not to be?" as Hamlet puts it, "that is the question," applicable to much else than mere self-slaughter of the flesh, but against which voluntary "not to be," in every aspect of it, "the everlasting hath fixed his canon." "To be" is to "take arms against a sea of troubles;" inclined to oppose them, in a world whose wave forever falls as hammer, when not beaten into anvil; where not to be victor is to be vanquished. It is a question which, in all aspects, Jackson decides with great emphasis in the affirmative. The iron brow of duty, which early fills him with deep awe and veneration, grows majestically beautiful in time, and he learns to look upon it with a self-consecrating love and faith. Never did man more decisively renounce for himself, in this life, the pleasures, avidities, and shows which could not follow him to the next. Looking on the firm, compressed lines of his face, and the gray, unyielding gaze which answers ours, almost with the fixed determination of a thing of steel, a most unshaken eye, but through which pathetically glances the touch of a kindly light, as of the light of the everlasting Gospel, breaking through a world of difficult turmoil, sorrow, and long-enduring hope deterred — looking on his still, solemn face one feels as though the iron brow had passed into this human one.

Here was a man to give the few the confidence of many. Here was one to be a leader of that Confederate might, which, without music, without decorations, far removed from the glitter of "pomp

and circumstance," in hunger and in rags, saw glory and duty, as the Puritan saw his God, through the bare walls of his meeting-house. His men were partakers of his stuff. He orders a squad to resist a column. The men obey, nothing doubting. Jackson orders, Jackson knows. The cry "Jackson!" breaks from the enemy, as he rises out of the ground behind them and their works. His name doubles his ranks. A little one becomes a thousand. So it is with discernment of time and circumstance. At Samosierra, the Spaniards planted sixteen pieces of artillery in the neck of the pass, so as to sweep the whole of the steep ascent. But Napoleon rides into the mouth of the pass, and seizing the mist of the morning for a casque, orders the Polish cavalry of his guard to charge through the vapor to the battery. The first squadron is mowed down. Over them ride the remainder, sword in hand, up the mountain; Spanish infantry firing the while, on right and left, in lines one above another. When the Poles have sabred the gunners they have routed an army. The military critic feels bound to say, that the charge, "viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly rash." Thus substance disperses shadows, and stamps the difference between multitude and force. In the manifold field of life the royal eye, through the veil of circumstance, distinguishes the essential; seeing well the things around, is dazzled by none. To be daunted by none is next to, and consequent upon this. The knowledge of how to be strong, where the main issue lies, is the knowledge of all fields and all life.

A man who makes realities his aim, and appearances his disdain, is strange, and set apart, accordingly. Not under one Dispensation only, but under all Dispensations, God's people are "a peculiar people."

To live in the sense of a higher accountability than any fulminations of this earth, in the throng of plausibilities to be genuine, of hypocrisies to be devout, to be retiring among the Pharisees, faithful among the cravens, is eccentric necessarily. How should it be otherwise, with the carnal heart in its existing state of enmity? Is not the true man bound to say to specious sham, "Get thee behind me"? The resolute, genuine natures are the ones, at last, from which others borrow existence, around which others rally. The faithful few, obscure in the world, but great in their callings, are the shoulders which move the world. The heroes will always say

to the trimmers, "We will bear the brunt, and leave you the plunder of the field"—the pleasant race of trimmers, the plausible, the supple. Plausible decorum, equally amiable and equally indifferent to all persons and all opinions, is not the stuff of which Jacksons are made. The world says of the Jackson, "He is narrow." But better to cleave a path for others to follow in, the narrows which are deep, than the expanse which is broad, because it is shallow. How are you to seduce, how intimidate such a man, when for him your menace, or your bribe, is but one more appearance which he knows how to despise?

Such a man was Stonewall Jackson: a resolved, taciturn man, of decided, aquiline, rather uncomfortable ways; the more inexpugnable, that they were sternly encased, in a life of prayer, as in a shirt of mail. Not a man to be popular, it is plain; not one to swim pleasantly with the current: one rather to cling faithfully to the rock in the midst thereof, refusing to be swept away. He cannot wax himself to men and things. He is sincere, adheres without mercenary glue, or parts company. Yet what in history so touching, as the almost childlike reverence of Jackson for the real majesty of Lee? It is one of the highest praises of the latter, that in proportion as his subordinates were great, he was great to them. For one, I never see that picture of Lee and Jackson, in their last ride together by the Aldrich House, without thinking that such a meeting is, in itself, one of the best and sweetest pictures of how greatness, of whatever rank, is the born brother of every other. At the two extremes of wealth and poverty we produce these two. The extremes meet, not in hate but in love, and, the facts deserving it, mutual respect and admiration. The two are blent together, by virtue of that which is inherent and independent in them, by virtue of being the men they were. Merit, whether it descended from the highest, or ascended from the lowest, was free and equal in that South before the war.

The day was at hand which was to draw the recluse from his retreat, and witness his coronation before a gazing and a gaping world; when he who had sown to reality reaped realities. The shadows felt in him their substance, when they heard his word of command, amid the thunders of the captains. The world within him was greater than the world without him. Did enemies encompass, and storm in upon him? With his right hand, he smote them

to ruins. He does the utmost, who standing on himself, stands true to himself; and therefore not falsely but faithfully to others. He is the greatest, who having most to overcome, overcomes it. All honor to him, who from the lowly made himself the lofty, from the feeble made himself the mighty, made the one talent ten, and a world all hostile to his weakness, all vassal to his greatness. Here, in the Wilderness, it was, that he, who had put all other enemies under foot, over death also rose victorious; folded the banner of victory, for time and for eternity, inextricably about him as he fell. That ether of memory and imagination, which throws its purple on the past, floated from his shoulders as we gazed. The shadow of a cloud passed over him, behind which the sun was shining. It might have been said at his grave, as the Earl of Morton said at that of John Knox, "He lies there who never feared the face of man." He rests there, with a star, Valor's star, upon his breast; for him henceforth, a star of peace. He himself is now become a star, on the great bosom of Eternity. His long warfare is over: "he has fought the good fight." The sore conflicts and bruises under the straitened yoke of time, its whips and its scorn, will gail him nevermore. He can survey them unmoved now, from that last bosom wherein he rests, and the revenges of time are fufled.

Beautiful effect of a true life! beautiful event of our century! the story of Jackson crossing the Atlantic, and spreading among generous English hearts, comes back to us, in the speaking image of a hero. English gentlemen, stamping, in imperishable art, the imperishable idea of a Jackson, place it on this Square, a monument to him and to them, and to an artist worthy of his subject.

"He has lost his left arm; I have lost my right," were the generous words of Lee when he heard of Jackson's wounds. The blood of all the heroes flowed in those words over those wounds. It was as if, for the moment, like the patriarch of old, Lee had reversed his hands, and made the dexterous lieutenant of his left his active right, and the less adroit Longstreet the virtual left. But to sit on the right hand, or the left hand, of so much glory, were fame enough. And now it is given to Longstreet, in a similar movement, not far from the same spot, by another fire from our own men, to be felled in the front of triumph. It was his last, as it was his greatest battle. I well remember the deep, respectful silence,

with which the First Howitzers pressed to the side of the road, as a white ambulance passed by, knowing well whom it bore. Had Longstreet's wound proved also mortal, his niche of fame stood ready for him. Weeping Commonwealths would have accompanied his bier. The chivalry and beauty of a mourning land would have been companions at his tomb. His cypress would have been a laurel. Longstreet survived for quite other destinies, and so left Jackson—alone in his glory.

I said in the beginning, that our whole past had been cut into clear, firm character by the chisel of war. Equally true is it, that the future, and our bearing therein, will be the most effectual commentary on our conduct in the war. The future will determine, whether the proportions of that day shall fall about our people like a decent robe, or whether posterity shall turn sceptic, in applying the armor of a giant past to the body of a living dwarf. They who have exclusively the past to be proud of, in the accumulation of their vouchers, provide a measure for their defection and decadence. Such have been likened to potatoes, by far whose best part is under ground. An inordinate Irishman, tracing his genealogy, paused in the course of his memoirs to say, "Here the world was created." But a not wholly incommensurable appetite can appease itself, as Chesterfield entertained himself, by placing, among the portraits of his ancestors, two old heads inscribed, "Adam de Stanhope" and "Eve de Stanhope." "Every man," says Sancho Panza, "is the son of his own works." Perhaps the most sorrowful fate which can overtake a people is when a tradition of old greatness, in truth the mockery, is accepted as the solace of downfall and humiliation. The proud past is a robe of scorn to the unequal present.

There are some who dispose of the whole matter of the war, in a very off-hand manner. "What did we make by it?" they ask; conscious that the pecuniary returns are in a state of great backwardness. It is as if one were to ask of Milton's great poem, "How much did he get for it?" And yet heroic writing is a small thing by the side of heroic living and dying. William Attig, engineer upon the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, with the air-brakes on, and his hand upon the throttle, kept off death from every other, while it steamed down upon himself. Was the subscription for his widow what he made by it? Those three hundred

Spartans who, on a summer morning, in the passes of Thermopylae, "sat combing their long hair for death"—what did they make by it? What did Joan of Arc make by it, with the Inquisition cap upon her head, burned to death for a witch, her ashes thrown into the Seine? What did Wallace make by it, betrayed, beheaded, his body quartered and impaled on London Bridge, a green garland on his head to crown him outlaw king? She seated the descendant of Saint Louis for three centuries on his throne. She and her maiden sword, she and her consecrated banner, she and her beauty risen from her ashes, pure as the lilies of France and magnificent as the oriflamme, make the France of to-day beautiful to Frenchmen. And Wallace! He and the Scots who bled with him, made the independent mind of Scotland too strong for any subjugation; they made her independence real, and her subjugation superficial, and left the name of Wallace "a wild flower all over his dear country." They sowed for the immortal gods. Defeat for duty is better than victory over it. My belief is that great things are never done for what can be made by them. Their returns are not contained in such sordid measure. Reputation wrung from the cannon's mouth is not a bubble.

There have been latter-day patriots who have avowed their intention to "make treason odious," no insignificant intent, on their part, considering how many of earth's greatest have conspired to make it glorious, when the "treason" in question has meant resistance to authority believed to be unlawful and known to be injurious, which is the definition in the latter-day case. Our earlier Presidents called it "obedience to God." The Tory Alison can give lessons in liberalism to the latter-day variety. "The feelings of mankind," he writes, "have never stigmatized mere treason as a crime." And again, speaking of the Count Bathiany: "History must ever mourn the death upon the scaffold of any man of noble character, combatting for what in sincerity he believed to be the cause of duty." The feelings of mankind and our earlier Presidents have a great deal in their favor. First, to take all pains to know aright what our duty is, and then to fight for it in all weather, is what we are here to do. Mere conquerors who have taken no such pains are not our judges, but our visitation for not more warily and desperately fighting. "The murderer has

but his hour," said Lamartine of the fate of the Duke d'Enghien: "his victim has all eternity."

Truth, it may be well to state, has never been bastilled nor carried by coup d'état. With what a satire, does accusing and avenging time laugh to scorn the executions of the hour. In some English engravings, under the heads of Sir Thomas More, Sir Walter Raleigh, Russel, and Sidney, there is engraved an axe, to signify that in their day these were beheaded. But how fares it with their renown? Is that beheaded? Or is it consecrated by the nobility of a peculiar dearness? There is no face, in the Coreoran Art Gallery, before which more reverent footsteps pause than that of Charlotte Corday. The pen, mightier than the sword of the executioner, is in her hands, with which she has written, "The crime, not the scaffold, makes the shame." What a sure hand it is! "More treason" in this case is not the crime. The crime is to be a savage wild beast," to be Marat, *l'ami du peuple*, feeding on human heads, who, God be praised! has been slain by this Norman girl. She stands behind her grated window, through which she looks, with a still, deep pathos, piercing all hearts, from the blue heaven of eyes whose sun is setting fast, whose earthly sun, indeed, in seeming, still trembling on the horizon, in reality, already, is below it, leaving a setting sun's light upon the face. A look of eternity is gazing far over this restless earth into eternity. With her last hold upon earth clasped upon her prison grate, one almost fancies the thorn halo upon the brow leant thereon, which the iron seems to enter; a halo, whose radiance, down-glancing bestows, by a two-fold but not divided light, tenderness and grandeur. The warmth of a sweetly-intrepid soul hovers, for the last time, upon a breast which her neckerchief not quite conceals. The bravest heart in France beats under the fairest bosom. She lives on canvas, an image of the soul, passionately, but invincibly, gazing through the bars of its prison-house in the flesh, as a bird imprints his breast-feathers against the imprisoning wires of his cage. We, in America, send for this warm, sweet soul of Normandy, and place it in the front of art.

What is it makes the real odiousness of treason? Whether it be high treason, whether it be petit treason; whether it be against society, against marriage, or any other relation of contract or affection; is not the essence of it, that which makes it detestable,

this: that it is perfidy, betrayal, a breach of faith that is owed and pretended: in a word, that is treacherous? The essence of it is falseness, an alliance or allegiance which is an acted lie. The definition is as old as the Mirror, and older: treason happens only between allies: arises where there is a subsisting natural, civil, or spiritual relation. A public and authoritative announcement, that a voluntary alliance, between free and equal contracting commonwealths, shall subsist no longer, is not an act of treachery, especially, if the reason for revoking on one side be the practical and statutory abrogation on the other. It is the reverse of treachery: it is putting another on his guard, saying to him, "Take notice, we are no longer allies: we are aliens." The Roman word is *proditio*—the giving forth of an appearance which has no backbone of reality. One living in the guise of friendly association and confidence, furtively stabs you under the fifth rib. Open war the brave man accepts as his discipline. Insidious, perfidious guile he is less apt to prepare for. Washington fighting at the head of the rebels against George III is a true man. Arnold fighting in the ranks of the loyal for George III is a traitor. It may be admitted that deceit is a terrible evil. Closely considered, and including self-deceit, it is the sum and substance of all that is most pernicious. It is the Devil's own image. As we live, there is but one thing to do with it—to beat it down under our feet, and not comfort it when fallen. Would you know whether a deed is vile or not? Ask yourself the question, whether the traits of it are cowardice and lies, treachery or poltroonery to what is professed and believed: in either case hiding under a false appearance, the fearfulness or the disguise of fact—the last a subtler, sometimes a coarser form of fear. In proportion as these are the traits it is vile. In proportion as these are not, not. Are you willing for the light to shine upon your deeds, or must they be shrouded in darkness? is the test. Man does walk by faith: hence the worst thing you can say of a man is that he is perfidious, diligently seems the thing he is not, and so betrays, by what he is, the confidence bestowed on what he seems. To be a man, with a man's sense of accountability, is one of the very greatest commandments.

What, then, was the crime of the Southern States? Was it that after having reiterated in season, and out of season, shouting the same loudly from the house-tops, that they would resume the

powers, conditionally granted by them to the General Government whenever the same should be perverted to their injury, when the day of trial came they were recreant; was it this? Was it that after having affirmed, that they had given their adhesion, not to a law higher than the Constitution, nor lower than the Constitution, but to the Constitution, the whole Constitution, and nothing but the Constitution, and that whenever such "higher law" laid hold of the Government, they would let go; when the event happened, they swallowed their words; was it this? No, it was not this. Their offence was, that to the unspeakable abomination of their enemies, they made good their words, would not equivocate oath and conscience, did what they said they would do. And how? In silence, in darkness, with Masonic secrecy and rites? No; this thing was not done in a corner. In broad day, State after State went to the polls to vote upon the peril and the duty of the hour. In broad day, their Representatives assembled themselves in Conventions, and their proceedings in the daily press, that no man might be ignorant. In broad day, Senator after Senator rose in the Capitol and said, "Your Morrill tariff construction, your lobby and jobbery construction, your States passing laws that the Constitution is a dead letter, your 'higher law' construction, is no law for us, and in the nature of things cannot be." "We agreed to form this Union, you say. Grant that we agreed to form, at least, *an Union*. What then? Did we agree that it should be absolute, irrevocable, unappealable, not only for the generation agreeing, but for all generations?" Do men calling themselves republicans hold that we did? Why, a king can give no more than his own; may resign his own throne, if he like, but less certainly that of his offspring. And you have the hardihood to say that we equals contracting with equals—we who being solicited, entreated, assured, guaranteed—gave our consent to certain conditions of Union upon the very construction on which we are now acting—that we thereby clasped a handcuff of steel upon our wrists forever? Why, the law is, that no contract shall last forever. Say that you found your right of action on a contract meant to be perpetual, and the Supreme Court will laugh in your face. Rightly, for what man, or what number of men, can so read the future as justly to bind the unborn of all time? Least of all should they maintain such a doctrine, who utterly refuse to be bound them-

selves. We use the language of your own Webster, in prospect of the very case which has arisen, that 'a bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides,' and say you have broken the bargain on all sides. Fourteen of your States having passed laws saying that the bargain shall be inoperative as to them, how can you expect it to be altogether sacred to us? We cannot bring you to our views, nor will we surrender the law to your discretion. If your consciences cannot bear the sin of suffering us to hold the slaves which you sold to us, we will relieve your consciences of all participation therein. You shall have no more concern in the matter than in the institutions of Brazil. Saying good-bye to you, we will revive over ourselves the Union our ancestors ordained: 'the civil, the moral, the federal liberty,' for which Washington fought, for which Jefferson, Henry, and Mason insisted, and which Marshall and Hamilton conceded as a fact. For this we mean to stand with the hazard of our lives. All outnumbered and outclamored as we are, God help us, we can do no other." Make the worst of this "treason," you can never make it other than manly, and frank, and true. Southern secession came, not to destroy, but to fulfill.

"Caught with arms in their hands," is what was said of us afterwards. And how else should brave men be "caught" than "with arms in their hands," when all that is dear to them, and all that should be dear to them, is assailed? It passes the power of any statute to make this "odious," save to the pusillanimous and corrupt. To fight manfully for your faith in right, is intrinsically not "odious"; it is very nearly the whole duty of man. We were brought to the ring, and the world has seen how we could dance.

Undoubtedly there is a treason which is odious; being so, no statute, no verdict, no failure to impeach can make it otherwise. Let no man doubt this. There is a treason which is deadly; being so, no physis of legislation, and standing by it "under fire," can make it healthy; not the avowed, open treason to usurpation, not the treason of the glorious rebels who are followed by "the sweet remembrance of the just"—the paradoxical treason which is true; not this. The deadly treason is caught, not with "arms in its hands"; but with a smile on its lips. Patriots, who, with unheard of love of country, bend the bow of legislation, so as to make it shoot straight into their own pockets, these are the deadly traitors; they who place votes "where they will do most good." To their

country? No, to bank accounts which they protest against having to account for. The treason which walks by your side and thrives on your spoliation, which from behind a marble desk of supremacy, or other "inside track," knocks down law to the highest bidder, do you not see how baleful this polished, plausible treason must be, how it changes the rod of empire into a serpent: how it makes of government a nest of serpents stinging the veins of the people on whom they fasten? The detestable treason is that which dips in the same dish with you, and salutes with a kiss: and now the treason which the builders rejected, the rebuilders have made the corner stone! They are not the most meet to make treason of any kind odious, who have made fraud of every kind glorious. "Clear and round dealing" in any department of life, even that of forcible resistance, is not the great danger to society. It is "the lie that sinketh in, and setteth in it, that doth the hurt." Yes, the evil men of this world are not the ones who sincerely battle for their duty, but the insincere who do not. The betrayal of a great cause for pieces of silver did not expire in the first century, though the act of voluntary restoration does seem to have come to grief: else why has not "the conscience fund" taken the currency question off our hands?

No, latter day patriots should give over their purpose to "make treason odious." Somebody should remonstrate with them. To borrow the needed word, they will find it a most Herculean labor for very unherculean backs. The halo, which Washington and others have thrown around the name of rebel, (which did apply to Washington and not to us) will have to be revoked, if at all, by an instrument of equal dignity. But if a magnanimous power were seriously to bestir itself to make fraud odious, instead of releasing it from the four quarters, and from the hind quarters, to sit at the receipt of custom! Could one such arise, he would not be embarrassed by the encounter of great lives, though, undoubtedly, he would be by innumerable small ones. John Bright said in 1861: "When I state that, for many years past, the annual public expenditure of the Government of the United States has been between £10,000,000 and £15,000,000, I need not, perhaps, say further, that there has always existed amongst all the population an amount of comfort, and prosperity, and abounding plenty, such as I believe no other country has enjoyed." So it was. So it is not now. We

have received "moral ideas," been "educated up"; but comparatively honest dealing between man and man, and therewith "comfort, prosperity, abounding plenty" amongst all classes have been educated down. The laboring man of the North has been "planted on the side of freedom"—of freedom, among other things, to be turned out of food and raiment, and have an increase of the army held over his head to shoot him down when restive. Of taxes, burdens, swift, central financiering over public spoil, there is plenty. Of freedom to steal like the devil, there is an abounding plenty. Never was it plainer that for man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is cursed. But the negro in the South can still do, what the laboring man elsewhere finds it so hard to do—get himself supported by a fair day's work; indeed, considerably less than that, notwithstanding the South is so poor and plundered. It may be that the ex-slave does not shine as bright, on the same amount of labor, as before the war. Slavery is said to be on the decline in Brazil, owing to the fact, that the slaves are so fat they cannot put in over eight hours work per day. This, of making it incarnate, is a compendious way of passing the "Eight Hour Law," of which the working man in America does not appear to have bethought him.

As late as 1854, the *Christian Examiner*, published in Boston, perceiving that kind feeling springs up where human intercourse is near and constant, a fact of man's moral nature which constitutes a basis for society, more certain and substantial than any which contract, or statute, or constitutional amendment can afford, made the acknowledgment, no less frank than condescending, that, "for personal kindness and real affection towards the blacks, the Southrons are as much superior to us, as we hold them inferior in the abstract sense of justice and right." But of which did the negro stand most in need, the abstract or the concrete? Mrs. Stowe, too, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," mentions that a missionary among the fugitive slaves in Canada, told her that "many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters." So much is in this one sentence, that formerly the country physician, in the South, supported himself, chiefly on the sum, which was paid him by Southern masters, for attendance on Southern slaves, that now he cannot, as a rule, make a living in the country, because there are

no longer masters to pay him for his services. What if the future decide that the world, as usual, has judged by appearances, in arraighing the South for a nominal slavery which was substantial justice, and apostrophising the North for the nominal freedom, and essential tyranny, of a society honeycombed with the corruption of legislative pocket-picking and haste to be rich, grinding the faces of the poor—haste, also, to be righteous overmuch? What if the future shall say, that what the world called slavery, railed against as such, rolling up the whites of quite worldly eyes, in horror that such a thing should exist, stands forth as a patriarchal, beneficent relation, the kindest for the slave, as he came to us, not as French's "rights of man" tain would have him come; and what is now landed to the skies, as "freedom," be exhibited, as a cruel, grasping, *scarcely good*, and Devil take the hindmost, the most sordid, the most heartless of all tyranny, the one which most degradingly, and least pitifully, shoves the weakest to the wall, and keeps him there—that which oscillates between mere numbers and mere dollars. Wolves, it is said, have greatly increased in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs, and now number some 200,000, whose annual consumption of flesh, including that of human beings, is 2,300 weight per head. In other ways, what is baptized with the fine names of freedom and philanthropy is only too apt to substitute, for one traffic in human flesh, another more bitter. Northern majorities, in this country, proclaimed liberty to the slaves—not their own; and then, with indescribable vigor, turned wolves to each other. Most plaintive was the speech of a Lowell factory girl, some years ago, at a woman's rights convention, in Washington, that no condition of a Southern slave was ever so cruel as hers. In this whole question of slavery, remember the words of Samuel Johnson: "Clear your minds of cant." For, as a greater than Johnson has asked, "Is not sentimentalism twin sister of cant, if not one and the same with it? Is not cant the *ever-repined* of the Devil, from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, abominations, body themselves; from which no true thing can come? Cant is itself a double-distilled Lie, the second power of a Lie."

A portion of the North begin to recognize, that the views of strict construction are not so pernicious after all; show signs of feeling their own need to interpose the shield of State Sovereignty,

against a roaring deluge of fallacy. The more thoughtful North stands aghast at the undesired results "coming home to roost," of the utter overthrow of all the stability of society, in order to wreak vengeance. The more thoughtful North is stretching out a hand for the character, and high, even if haughty, tone of sincere opinion, once common at the South, which, if not proof against passion, was against bribery, and helped to make the country a fortress of free hearts, whence rang the clear challenge of a republic. The old constitutional guarantees, the old ramparts have been carried. A Constitution (not clearly written) powerful for injury, powerless for redress; powerful to send troops and mercenary creatures to falsify the votes of States, powerless to correct, or even attempt to correct, the certain falsehood, for the present, has "exchanged all that." The light of those tall forms, which stood in the breaches of the Constitution to hurl impetuous defiance on its foes, is buried quite. The fortress of free hearts lies clean behind us, dead, forgotten; the old defenders gone, the old invincibles. The thoughtful North stretches out its hands to-day for that spirit, which a thoughtless North has done its best (or its worst) to quench and silence. The long walls of Athens were rebuilt, with the aid of the Bœotians and other volunteers, who eleven years earlier had danced to the sound of joyful music, when the former walls were demolished. Thus sometimes the conqueror crowns the conquered, when the conquered are true to themselves. Thannus mentions a minister, who having long been persecuted by his enemies, at length triumphed, *quia se non deseruit*.

Old grammarians were wont to say, that right was the past participle of the verb *regere*, to rule; and thus it is that virtue is strength, manhood. The force by which strength is equipped for its battle is virtue. The King of the State is the *Rex* of it, the very right of it—champion and captain of the right. He who collects in himself, embodies and enforces that which is wisest and best, he is the king, in office or out of office. He is the expression of the better nature of the State, the captain of it and the child, by virtue of which his right to rule it, is divine. Under him royalty and loyalty, or law ally, become reciprocal. A brave old word this loyalty, though sadly profaned of late, because it does not mean subservience to Kings, or Presidents, or Congresses, or Unions; but

faithfulness to law. Veracity, rectitude, business method, intrepid justice, these are the strong, indomitable things. These are the rulers of men, or else revolutions come, because they are not so. Falsehood, dishonesty, inmethod, venal, cowardly indifference, these are the weak things, the shallow things, and abomination and anarchy are born of them. The laws of nature are "caught with arms in their hands," and seldom or never lay them down, whatever the "inside track" men may object. The flaming sword of the universe is never "a dead issue." All this about arbitrament of war, true enough, perhaps, in a comprehensive sense, is, in some applications of it, extremely shallow. The arbitraments arrived at, "when laws are silent," when all consideration and discussion of the right is told to hold its tongue, are always questionable, and liable to serious revision. A King of England conquered a discordant French nation, because it was discordant; which, thereupon, under compulsion, crowned the conqueror. The thing settled was, that, at the time of the invasion, England was strong and France was weak, and that, as a nation's strength is, so shall her day be. In a subtle sense, "he that liveth by the sword (by brute force, violation of right) shall perish by the sword." "A right," says Coke, "can never die—*dormit aliquando, jus moritur nunquam*. For of such an high estimation is right in the eye of the law, as the law preserveth it from death and destruction: trodden down it may be, but never trodden out." Yes, the right does not go down; does not stay down, at least. It does not truly sleep, but only seems to sleep. Whatever mean and base thing pollutes it goes down. The too haughty assertion of it goes down. Whatever abuses and excesses are covered by the flag of its adherents, their "negligences and ignorances," their fierce taunts and invectives, go down, but not the right, forever. We may prove that we are unworthy to be the champions of the right, but not that the right is unworthy of a champion. The mercy of the right is upon us, as our trust is in it. The service of it is freedom. Freedom, let me say once more, is the free dominion of the law.

Unless we are to sink into hopeless Mexican anarchy, and Ring run, out of panic bankruptcy will yet be lifted "the Federal Union." But should this happen, that our principles come again to the front, and we not behind them; but opposing them, have the convictions, consecrated by our blood, thrown in our teeth by those

who trod them down! This much has not ceased to be credible: *Trodden down they may be, but never trodden out!*

We are few in the midst of many enemies. The black ocean of implacable hate swells all around us. At its own weapons we can not foil it. The much-vaunted "fighting the Devil with fire" is a poor game, and a sadly unequal one. Give the Devil choice of pistols, and he will be apt to shoot you first. Fallacies and chicaneries fight only for the father of such. It becomes us, it becomes all men, but chiefest them who fight under an adverse star, to see and believe, that the moral victory over material ascendancy is never out of reach. No disparity of force can snatch that from us. Public opinion is the moral victory of the few over the many. Be the faithful few, and the faithless many will be your footstool. In the sophistry of mind and manners, to be intellectually honest and brave; in the recrimination, and anarchic fratricide, of capital and labor elsewhere, to keep our own society first just, then, as a consequence, peaceful and strong; in the hanging garden of appearance to be real; herein is true strength.

Had this Association done nothing else than expose, what has been termed, "one of the boldest and baldest attempted outrages on the truth of history which has ever been essayed," that which relates to the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville, it would have deserved the gratitude of all lovers of truth. The boldest and baldest truly! Two hundred and twenty thousand Southern prisoners are in the North; two hundred and seventy thousand Northern prisoners are in the South; the North abounds in resources; the South laid waste, anything but abounding; for three weeks in the early part of 1864, unable to issue rations of meat to her soldiers in the field. Yet, with fifty thousand more prisoners in Southern stockades, the deaths are four thousand less; nine per cent, the death rate in the South, twelve per cent, in the North. The South using every humane argument, entreats the North to take back the prisoners at Andersonville. The ruling authority says, "No; my policy of wearing you out by attrition demands that these men be not taken back. The more of our men you have to feed, the fewer of your own you will be able to feed. Humanity to the men left in our ranks demands, that our prisoners continue to prey upon your vitals." "We are unable to provide your prisoners with suitable clothing," we said

to Secretary Seward: "will you provide them?" "The Federal Government does not supply clothing to prisoners of war," replied the Secretary. Tried by their own standard, it is seen, that our care of their prisoners was exceptionably kind. Nevertheless, after the war a victim is demanded. A group of citizens, "organized to convict," unknown to the law, prohibited by the law, hears what evidence it likes, refuses to hear what may operate against the end in view, renders the presence of counsel nugatory, and in due season proceeds to murder the victim, no form or principle of law being at any time consulted. "Military Commissions never disappoint the expectations of those who employ them." It is the act of Macbeth, smearing the daggers of the guard, with the blood his own hands have spilled. Defend your great days.

A poem of human life our battle of the Wilderness easily becomes, fought as it was in the rough brake, and the deep shadow, and the fierce death glare. As you strike with intelligent unity and decision, determined to conquer or die, you do conquer even though you die. At all times the strongest is but as a reed shaken with the wind, quivering in the play of forces which threaten or entreat. Not alone of memory may it be said, "Thou, like the world, the oppressed, oppressing." The forces around human life are so. A world of forces, yielding, and taking the shape we give, harsh and heavy when we quail or sink, wraps itself around each, to bear or forbear as victory inclines. Does supineness intervene? The load of a mountain is hung about the neck. Does a cheery heart stiffen the spinal column? The hard adversity melts away, or curves into an arch of triumph. "Two afflictions well put together," says the proverb, "shall become a consolation." A poem of human life, I say. Under the warm touch, the stern fact of these two days moulds itself into a symbol of imagination for the mind's eye: as such is a reality: not for one place and time only, but for all places, from generation to generation.

The life of to-day has not ceased to be faithful to the old similes of the Wilderness and warfare. Our life is a battle and a march. We fight once more in "continual, poisoned fields," where, it may be, are many greatly discontented with the Wilderness, and very greatly indeed preferring the flesh-pots of any other country. Solemnly as ever a mother State says to each, "With your shield

or upon it." We have chiefly to see to it, that when we are borne from the field, it shall be with the banner of an honorable day, and a pious hope, flung over us, and a music of gentle deeds, to commemorate us when we are gone. So fares it with our cause. It sleeps well now, as a dead man might, with a stone for his pillow. So fares it with a cause, henceforth all enobled for us, by honorable death on the field; guarded henceforth by the army of the dead, whose dead march the muffled drum of living hearts is beating. A hero cause borne on its shield to the grave of hero death, pierced with wounds, for us is lovely; covered with reproach, for us is pure; crowned with thorns, for us is holy. We will never weave a grander oriflamme to be our fair image of duty and the path to it. We are on duty still. Remember the Wilderness! how we struck in forlorn valor; fighting for a world's cause, in the midst of a world's indifference, when we grappled in those lonely gleams and shadows, us, from age to age, the true heart fights. When was the hero's battle other than a lonely battle? Remember the whole war!

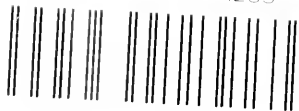
Tenderly beautiful to night, in its tears and for them, with the sweet, pathetic beauty of our last sad farewells, is that great memory, which draws us here, and gathers all hearts in one. The saddest, sternest of all faces—the face of the irrevocable—stares on us from those farewells—farewells of hope, farewells of valor, farewells ring out, not in speech, but in silence and closed lips, in battle and in night, when the very stars glittered icy cold on the field of the slain. The spring and summer of a people's manhood, the manly sweetness of the warrior boy, the beautiful simplicity we shall never see again on this earth, the unbought valor, which mounted a world in arms, and died fronting—to all these our chivalrous farewell! Not till all noble grace departs will their memory depart. Last Sunday I stood again, where Gregg's Texans put on immortality; where Kershaw led in person three of his brigades, to compensate them for the absence of the fourth; where the three brigades under Mahone, charged whooping through the woods. Out of the mist of years I almost seemed to see the faces, and out of the buried din to hear the voices, of the past, speaking those old languages, so frank, so brave, so unapproachably dear, just because they are gone, and return no more. They died that we might not live in vain. It is for us so to live, that they shall not have died in

vain. And it, to night, this voice from the ranks, could reach the leaders, who now marshal the way before us, I would say, "Look there!—See what the noble in man can do!—At your peril oppose to it the ignoble in man. Appeal once more to the watchwords of the past, to our courage and our conscience, if you would renew for us, and for yourselves, the laurel of the past. Once more quit yourselves like men. The white plume of the ages, the flag of your duty summons you there. The martyred valor of the South tell us it was charging right onward there. There, by the side now of his last captain, and of ours, is Jackson, standing like a stone wall!"

Truly has it been said of him, whose followers we all were, that in the quiet hall of the professor, he renewed the war, transferring it to the sphere of mind. In this high sphere, fight we ever, as in his eye. To walk firmly in duty, bravely in principle, honestly in conviction at all times, is the first duty of a man. We will have enough to do to prove, that the plow share of our peace is of the same metal, which went into the glorious sword of our war. With us, or without us, history will say, that in an age whose greatest fiction was "without a hero," there were two Virginians, worthy to be named by the side of Phœdon and Epaminondas. It is in our power to cause it to be added, that the South was greater in defeat than her enemies in victory; that, indeed, the difference between the North and South was not so much a difference between victory and defeat, as it was a difference between success and glory. It may be well not to be too certain which scale will sink the beam, with Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and success all on one side; but defeat and Robert Lee, death and Stonewall Jackson, all on the other. As plainly enough now stares us in the face, the insolent hope of sapping by corruption the principles, which could not be overcome by force, I am tempted to say to you, as our great captain said to us all, in the trenches of Hagerstown: "Soldiers! your old enemy is before you. Win from him honor, worthy your right cause, worthy your comrades, dead on so many illustrious fields."



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